

SAM & MAX



SURFIN' THE HIGHWAY

by STEVE PURCELL

SAM & MAX

SURFIN' THE HIGHWAY

**THIS EDITION IS DEDICATED
TO MY SISTER DEB
WHO TAUGHT ME TO READ,
AND TO FEAR DOLLS**

**Sam & Max Surfin' the Highway
Anniversary Edition**

Published by



telltale games

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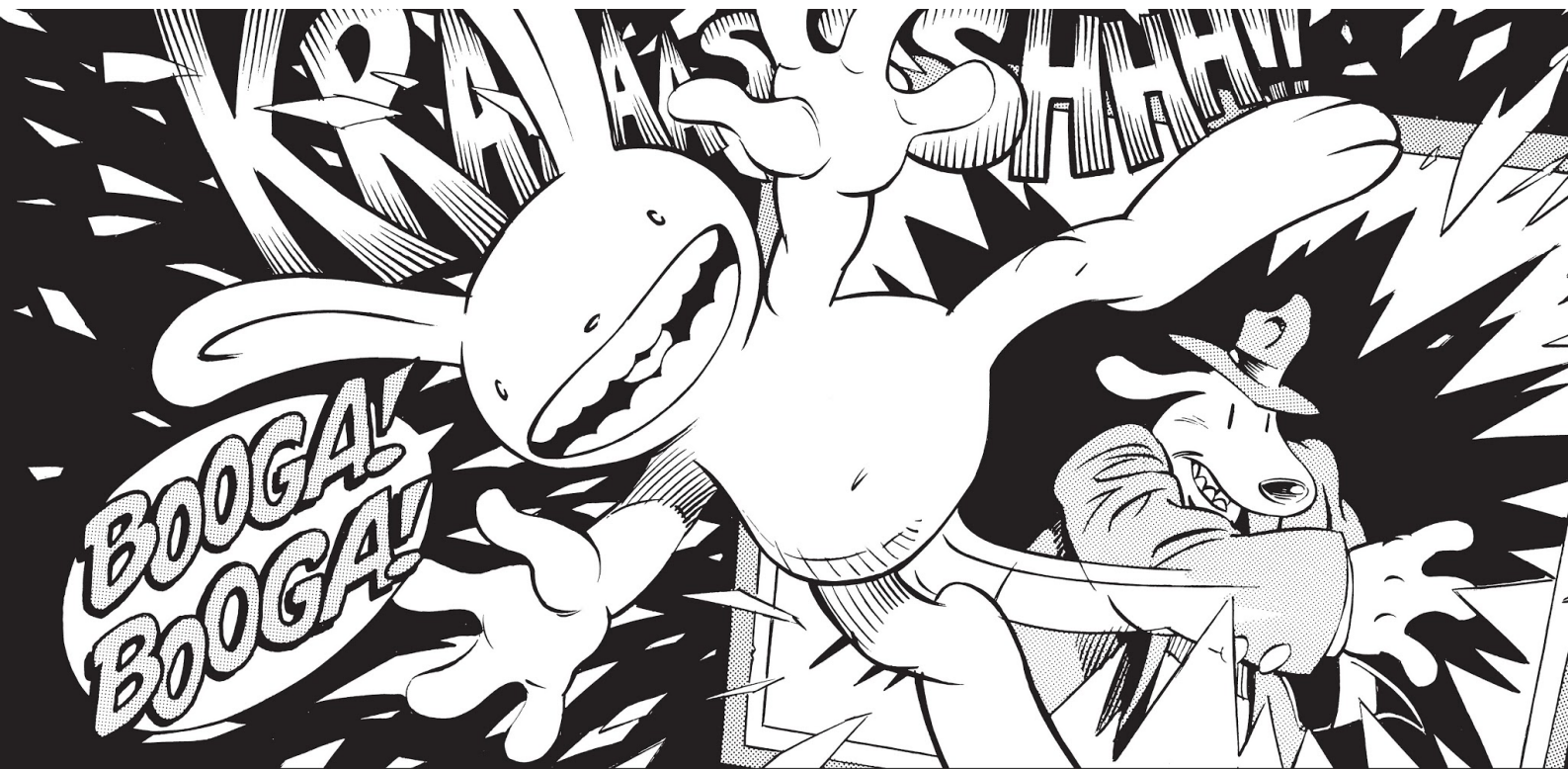
SURFIN' THE HIGHWAY

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

STEVE PURCELL

LETTERED BY

LOIS BUHALIS



SAM & MAX ARE LIKE THOSE SETS OF TWIN BABIES YOU USED TO HEAR ABOUT...

...so thoroughly connected that they develop their own impenetrable language. Some readers come to believe that they are the only ones who have cracked Sam & Max's bizarre code—then, feeling obliged to include others in the conspiracy, lend a friend their only copy of the comics, discovering later that the fugitive book has been handed off to the next unsuspecting “indoctrinee.”

In the twenty years since the first Sam & Max comic was published, I have often heard from people who

tell me some version of, “My friends and I always use that phrase,” or, “We make up our own Sam & Maxisms,” or even more memorably, “We played Fizzball at our wedding with an engraved axe handle!” It's a gratifying thing to have people invite your characters into their lives that way.

I suppose you could argue that anything that's repeatedly put in front of an audience will eventually gain loyalty, but to that I say, “Hah!” There have been only a handful of these comics! A smattering

of successful games. A blip of an animated series. Certainly not enough material to build that relentless traction of an endlessly renewed sitcom or syndicated comic that has existed since the Korean Conflict. Sam & Max's fans are a discerning bunch with impeccable taste and that ever-appealing desire to share the good news with their friends.

It is to the existing fans and to those future put-upon readers that I offer this collection. In this updated volume you'll find all the stories, ads, and pin-ups

that matter... if not the lumbering webcomic storyline, or that forever-unfinished story about Max being shot and replaced by a sociopathic gibbon. I'll finish that damn thing some day or I'll drag it through the afterlife like Marley's chains. In the meantime, please enjoy Surfin' the Highway.

STEVE PURCELL 2007

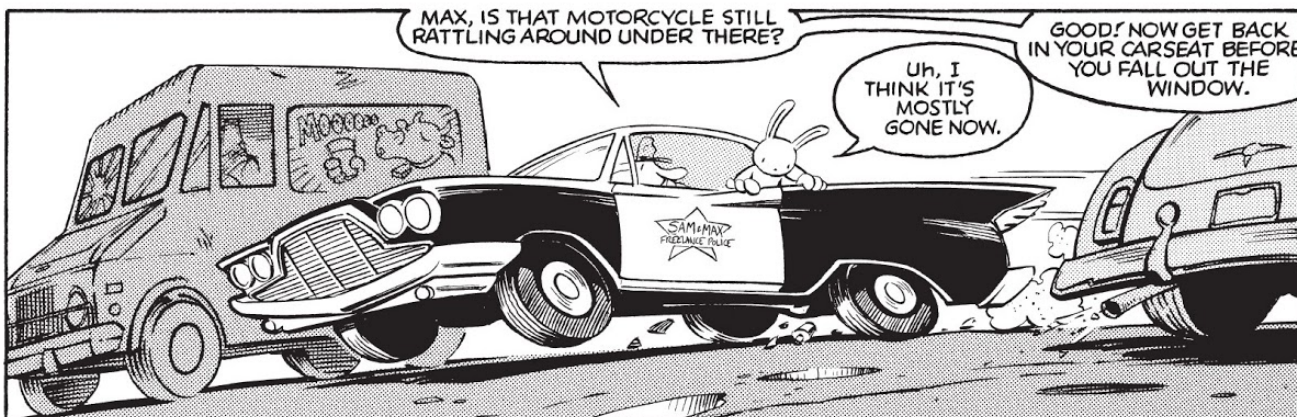
SAM & MAX FREELANCE POLICE IN:
MONKEYS VIOLATING the HEAVENLY TEMPLE
BASED ON THE NOVELLA: SAM & MAX MEET SOME BAD GUYS



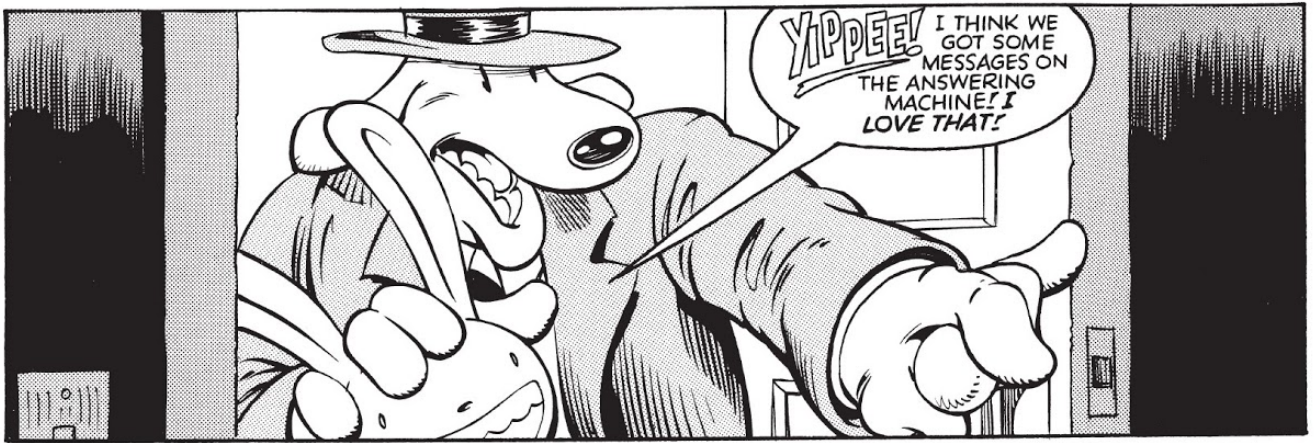


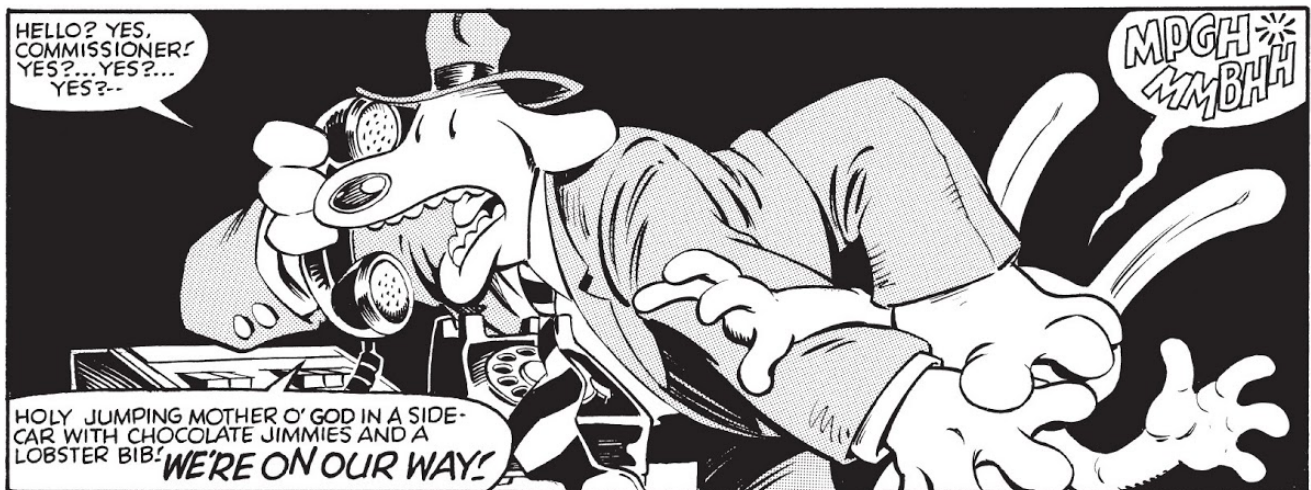
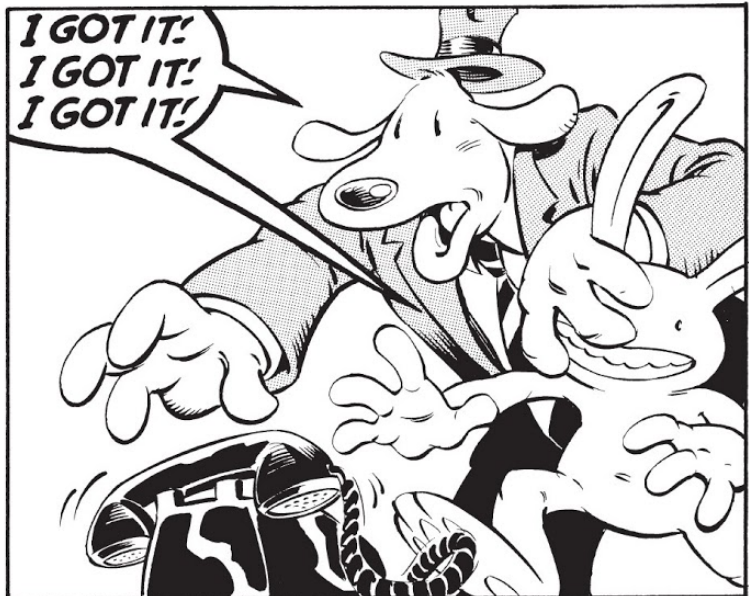
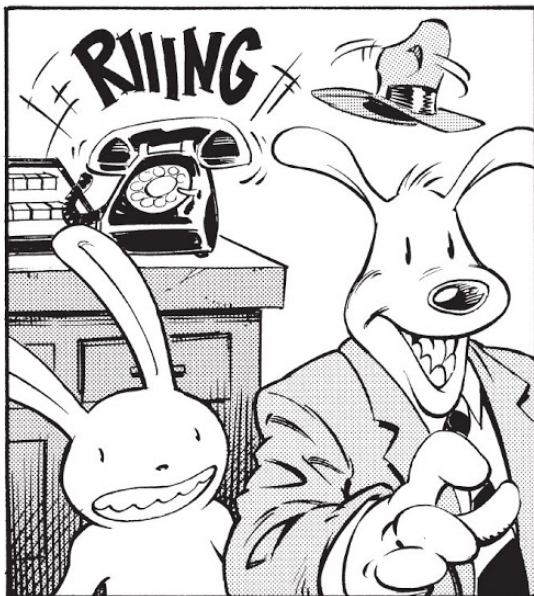


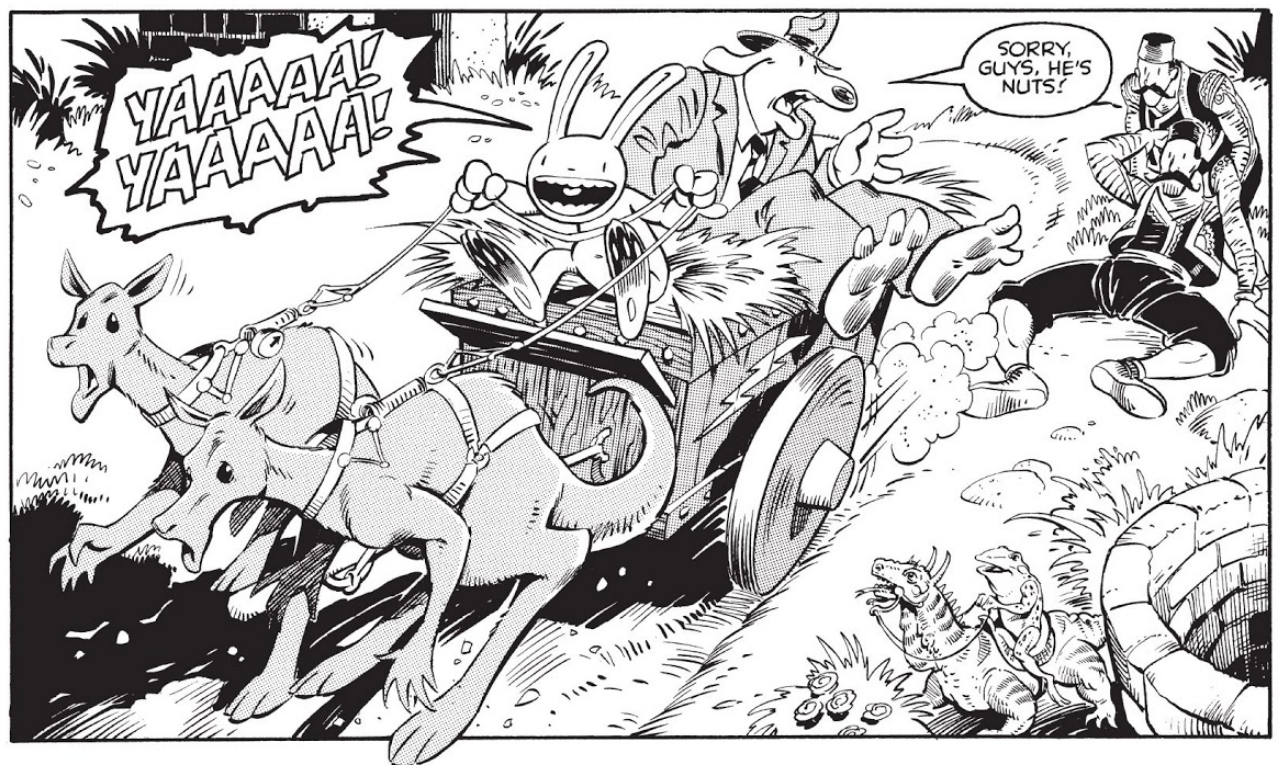
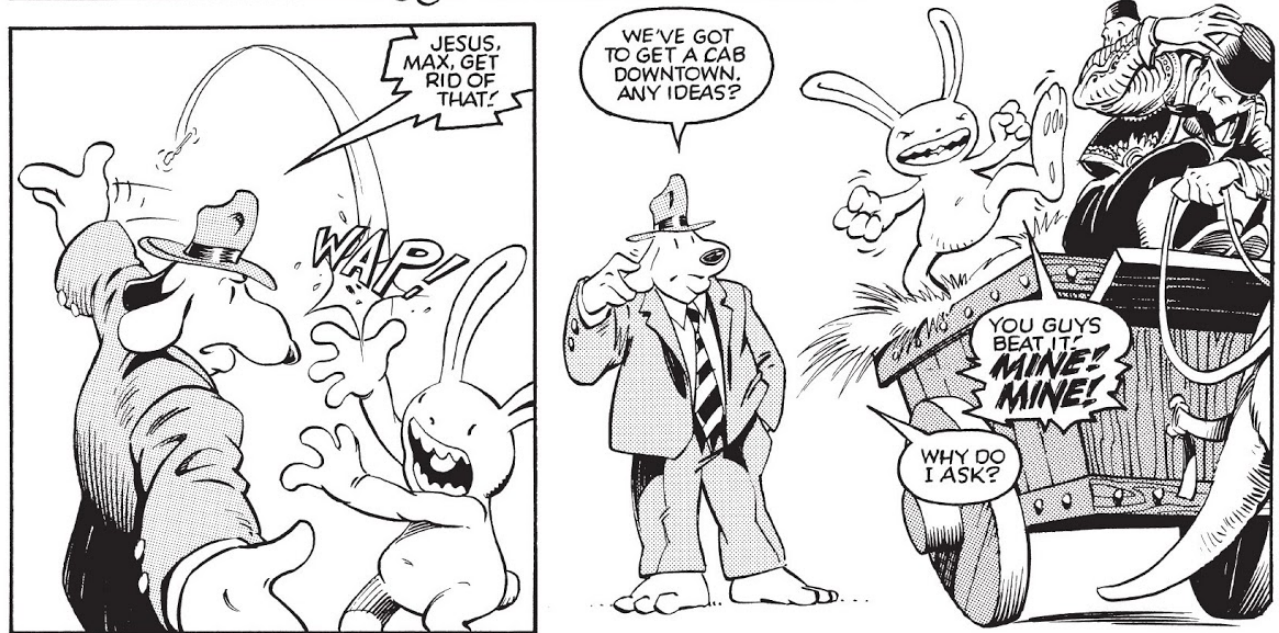




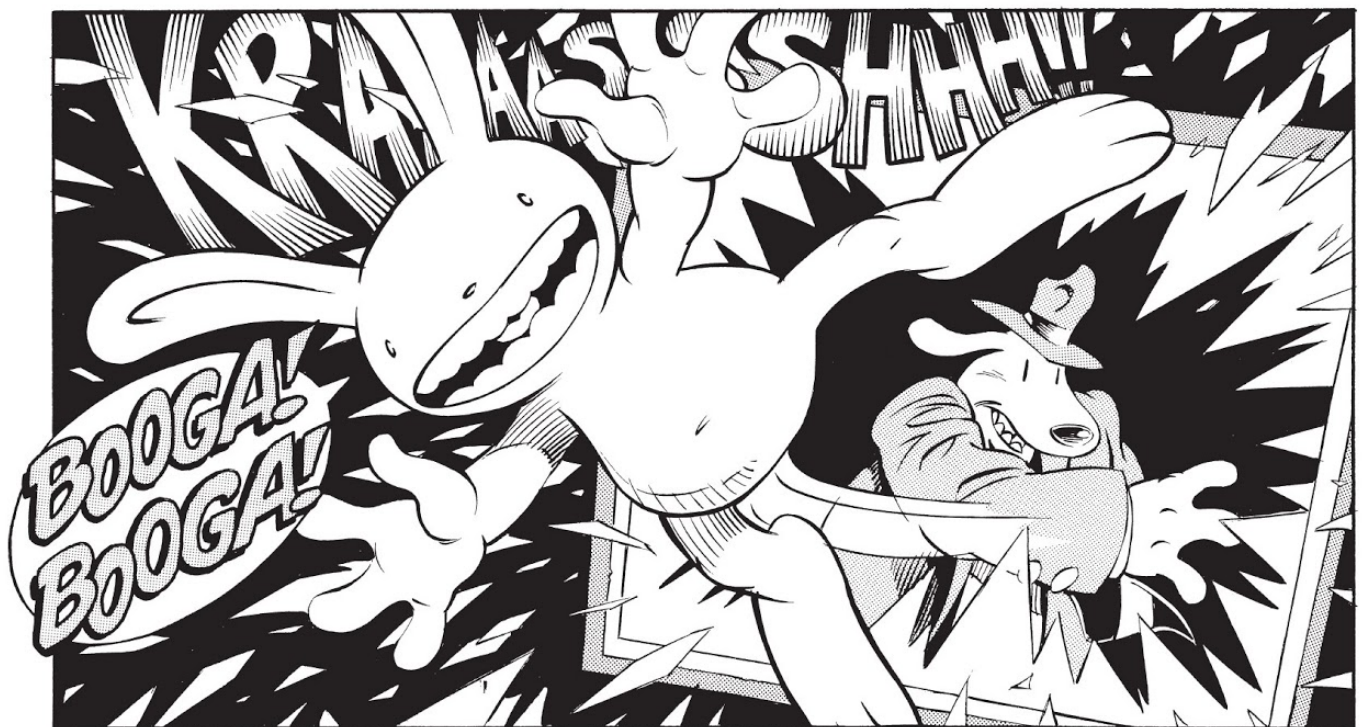
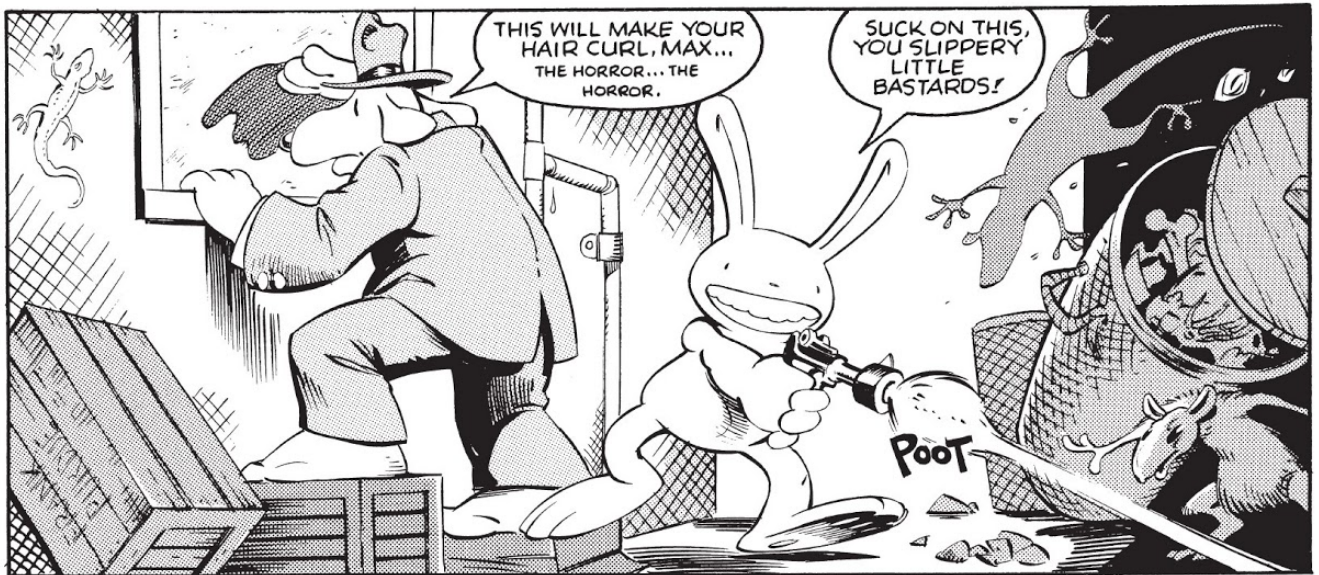


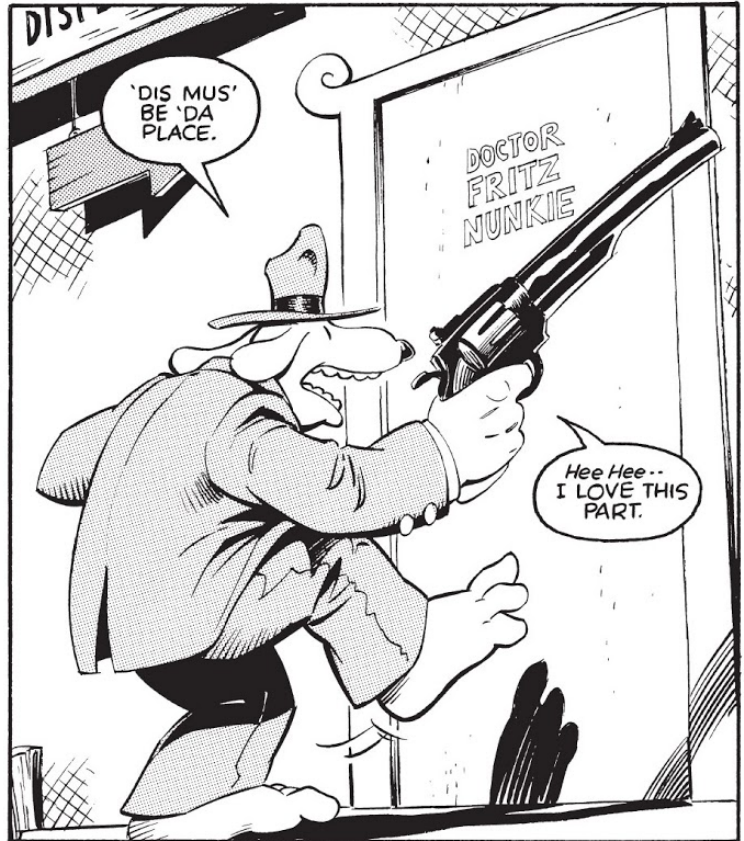


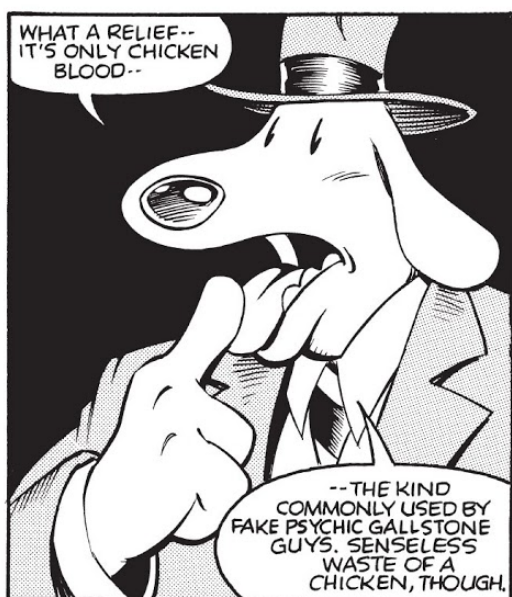




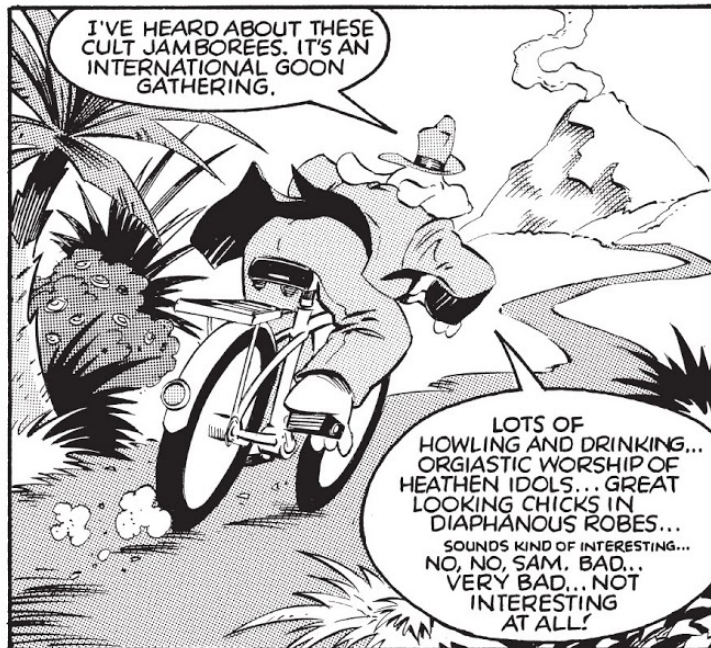
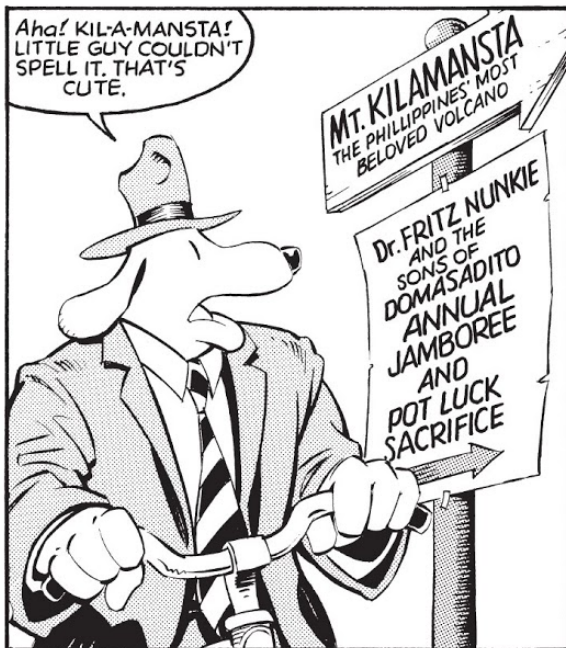












CONTINUED, AFTER THE FOLLOWING PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT!

SAM & MAX PRESENT:

LET'S PLAY FIZZBALL™

IT'S THE WACKY NEW GAME THAT'S FILLING HOSPITAL CONCUSSION AND LACERATION WARDS ACROSS THE NATION. AND IT'S SO EASY TO PLAY!

THE FIELDERS:
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, TRY TO CATCH A SHREDDED METAL CAN? WHAT ARE YOU, STUPID?

NO POINTS ARE SCORED

FIZZBALL IS NON-COMPETITIVE AND PROMOTES COOPERATIVE BEHAVIOR!

EVERYONE GETS TO SEE BEER CANS BUST OPEN!

EVERYONE PITCHES IN TO CARRY LINE DRIVE VICTIMS TO THE HOSPITAL!

EVERYONE PLAYS TOWARD A COMMON GOAL - THE MUTUAL AESTHETIC APPRECIATION OF RAINING FROTH AND SHIMMERING ALUMINUM SHRAPNEL!

AND DON'T FORGET THE FUN OF MAKING A BIG STINKING MESS!

THE PITCHER:
READY TO PLAY? SHAKE THE CAN VIGOROUSLY UNTIL THE LITTLE BALL STARTS BATTING. OOPS, WRONG GAME. USE YOUR OWN JUDGEMENT. GET ABOUT FIFTEEN FEET FROM THE BATTER TO PITCH.

THE BATTER:
SWING LIKE A MAD APE. THE OBJECT IS TO HACK THROUGH THE SOFT MIDDLE AND SPLIT THE CAN WIDE OPEN! YAHOO! SOME FUN, OH?

A REAL EASY UNDERHAND PITCH IS USED. YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO STRIKE THE GUY OUT. YOU WANT TO SEE THE CAN BLOW UP, RIGHT? RIGHT?

EQUIPMENT:

GET YOURSELF A FEW CASES OF THAT CHEAP, NASTY BEER THAT'S USUALLY FOUND STACKED AND ON SALE NEAR THE CHECKOUT COUNTER RIGHT BEFORE NATIONAL DRINKING HOLIDAYS.

YOU'LL NEED AN AXE OR MATTOCK HANDLE OR SOME KIND OF PRIMITIVE-LOOKING BRANCH! THINK ATOMIC WAR-CLUB SIZE! YEAH!

CHEAP, EVIL SMELLING BEER

REFERENCE SECTION: VARIOUS FIZZBALL PHENOMENA--CREATE YOUR OWN!

THE PINWHEEL
THIS IS A GREAT FIZZBALL EFFECT! THE CAN IS SHAKED OPEN AND ROTATES IN THE AIR FOREVER, DRENCHING EVERYTHING IN A TWENTY-FOOT RADIUS WITH BEAUTIFUL RIBBONS OF FOAM!

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS
PICTURE THE TOP OF THE BATTED CAN, SNAPPED FREE, SPINNING AND ACTUALLY GAINING ALTITUDE LIKE A HOVERING ALIEN CRAFT? WOW!

THE CANNONBALL
THIS ONE IS OFTEN FRUSTRATING. THE SWELLING CAN IS BASHED OVER THE FENCE, UNRUPTURED AND OUT OF REACH, BUT YOU MIGHT WANT TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE KIDS NEXT DOOR WHEN THEY TRY TO OPEN IT. HEE HEE.

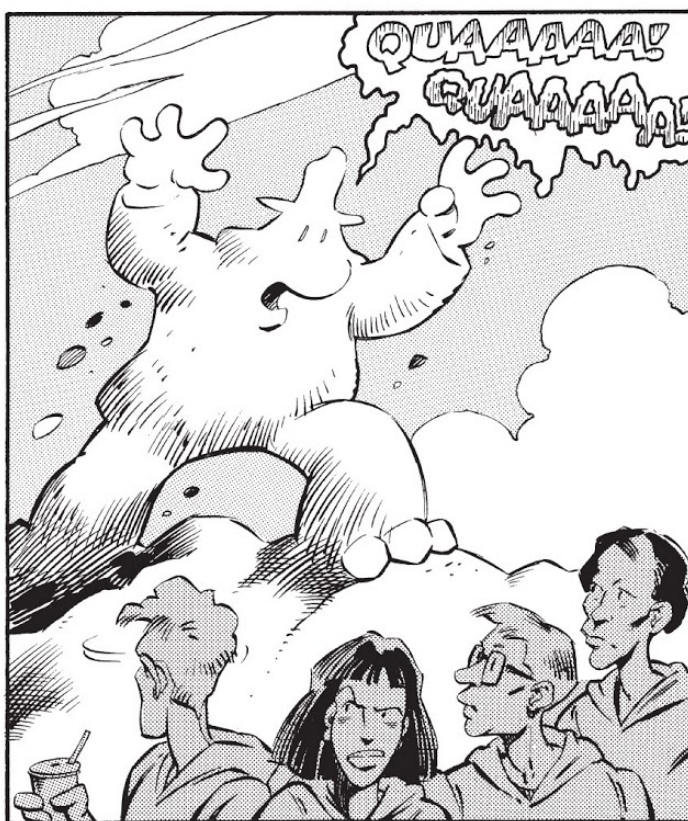
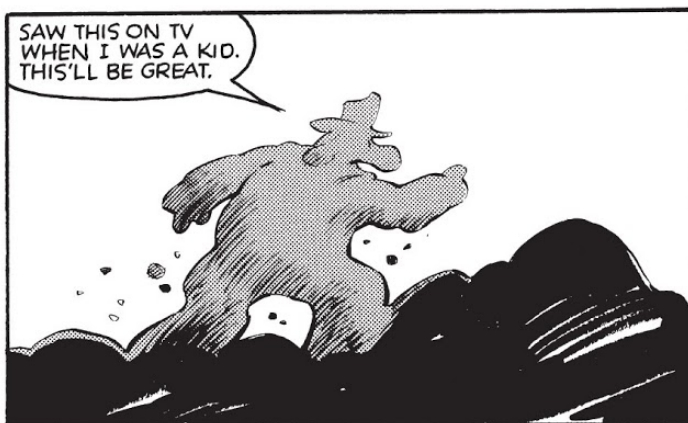
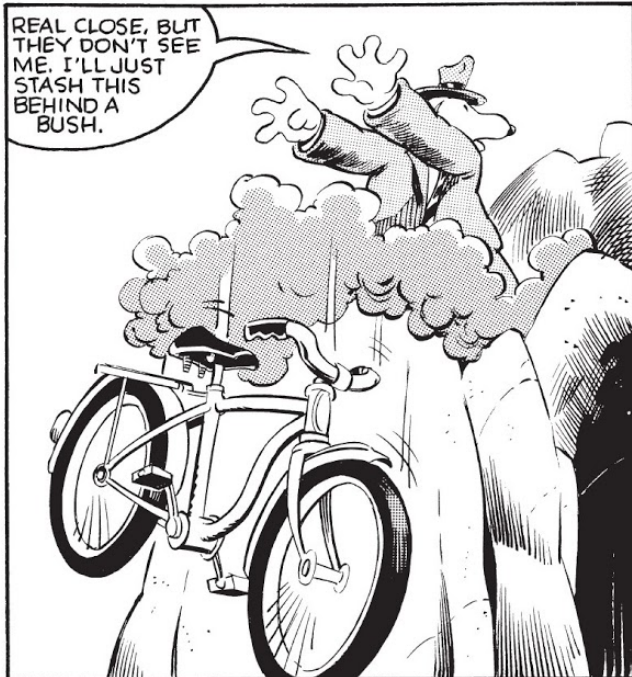
THE TIME BOMB
A TINY RUPTURE STARTS A FINE SPRAY-LEAK AS THE SPINNING CAN SKITTERS ACROSS THE GROUND! QUICK! GET IT BACK IN PLAY BEFORE IT'S A DUG!

OFFICIAL FIZZBALL UNIFORMS

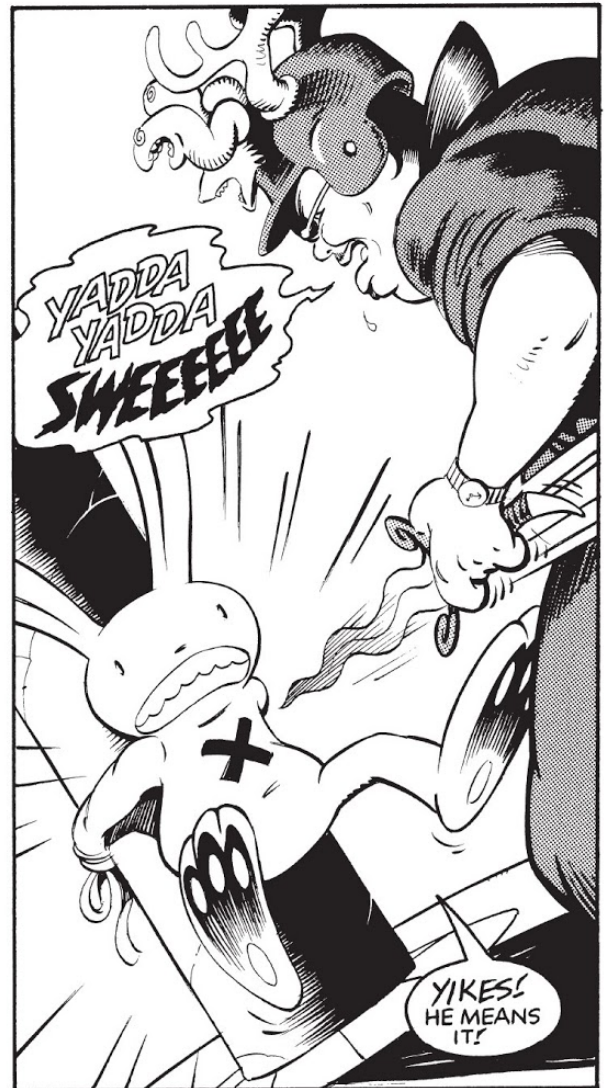
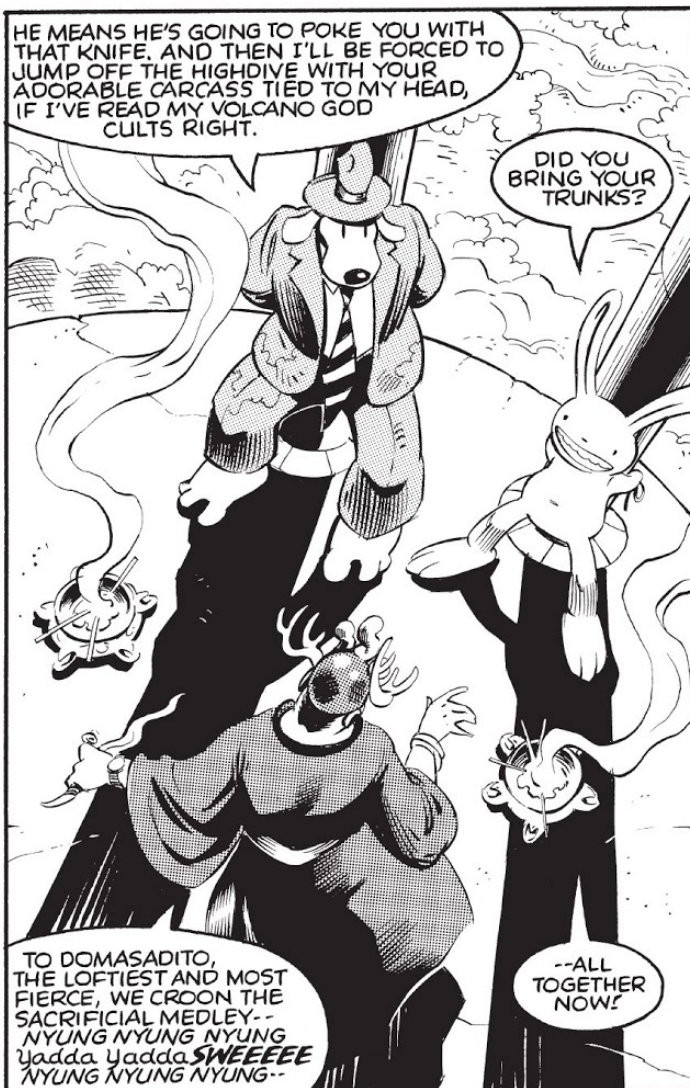
HAVE FUN AND BE SURE TO WEAR PROTECTIVE HEADGEAR (BUT ONLY IF YOU'RE SOME KIND OF GODDAM PANST), AND MAYBE NEXT TIME WE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT 8-TRACK TAPE SKEET SHOOT.

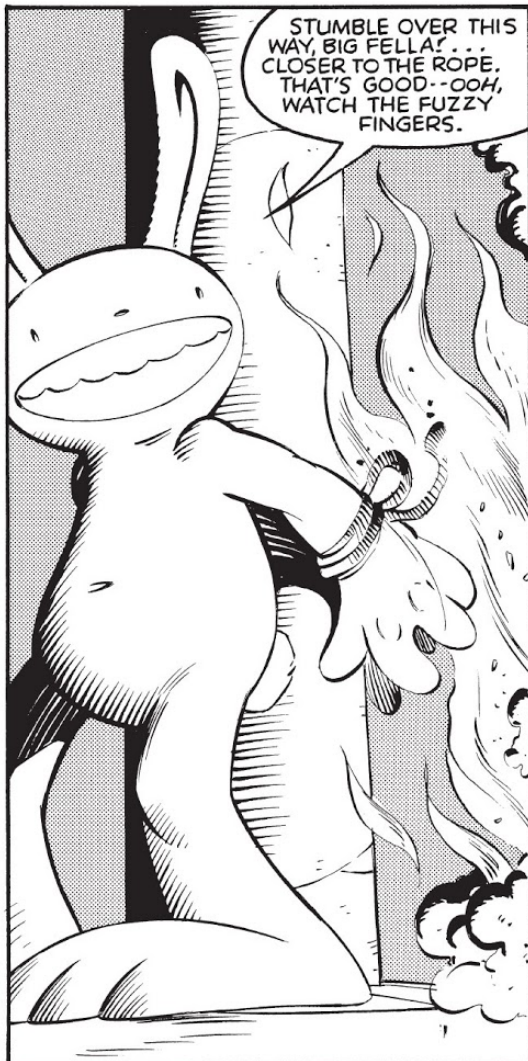
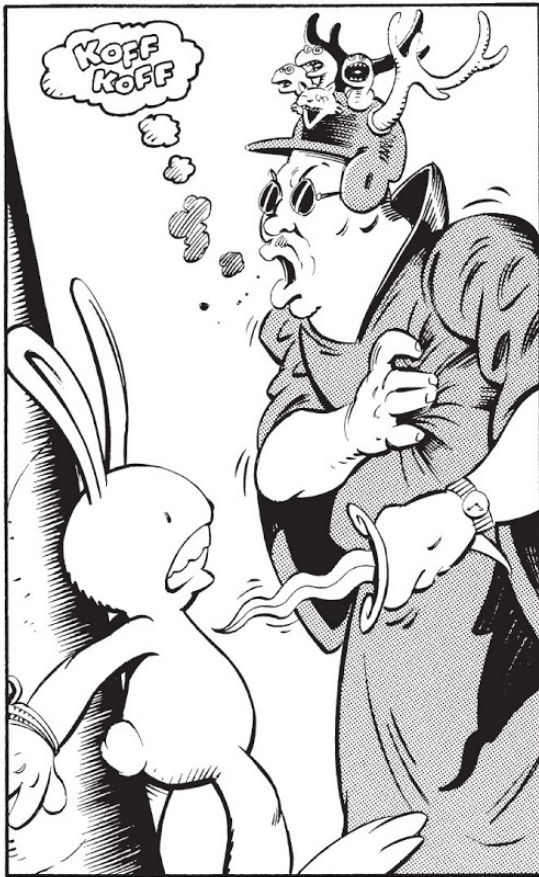
SMELLS LIKE A BAR BAG IN HERE. MAYBE WE SHOULD PLAY OUTSIDE NEXT TIME.

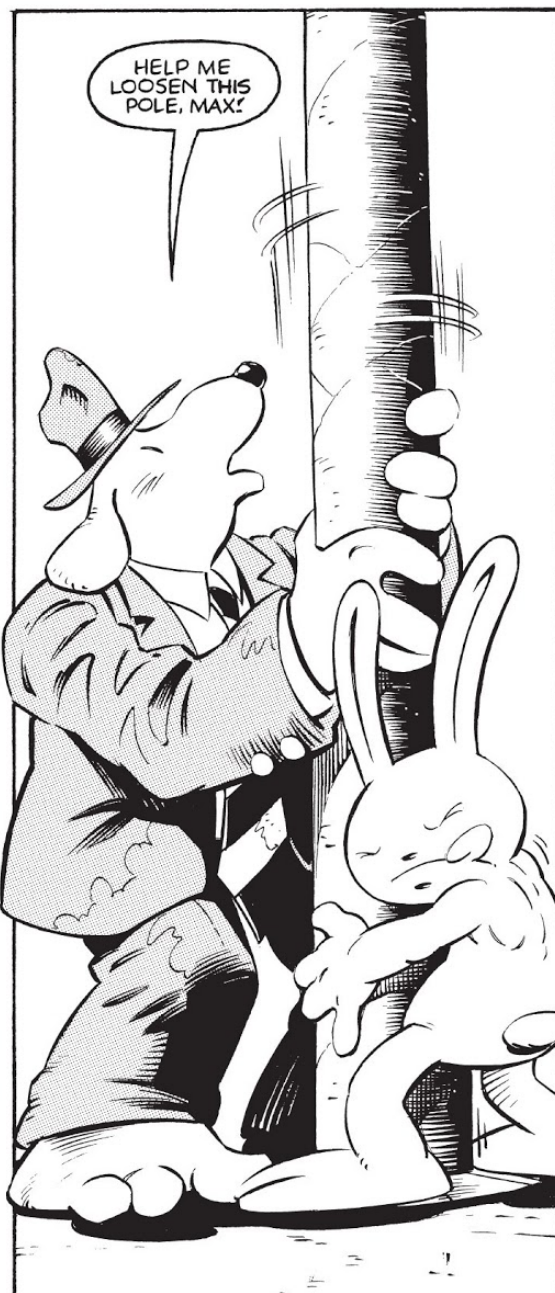
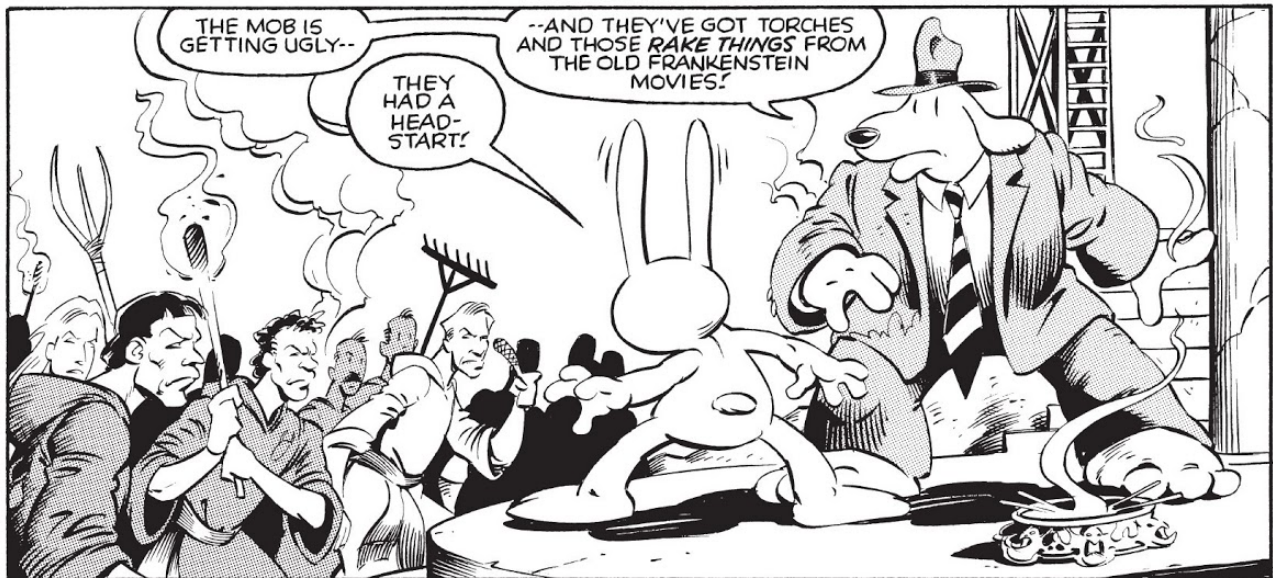
Thanks to Art Adams, Mike Mignola and Scott Mignola for selfless aid in research and development. **STEVE PERLIN** © 1987

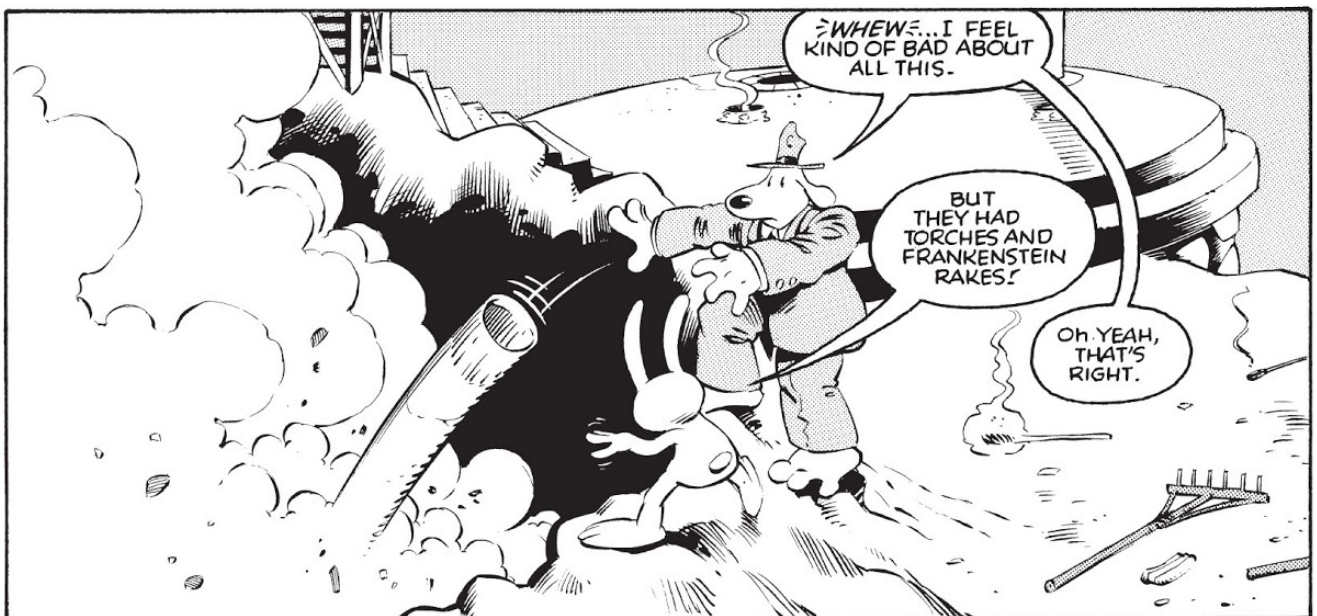
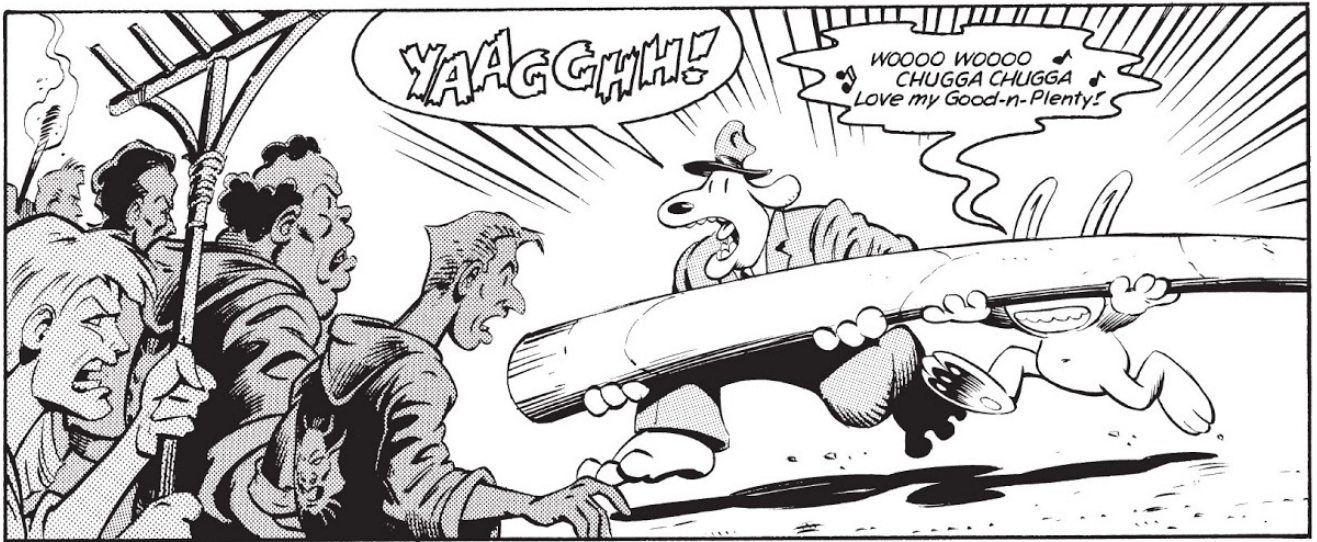












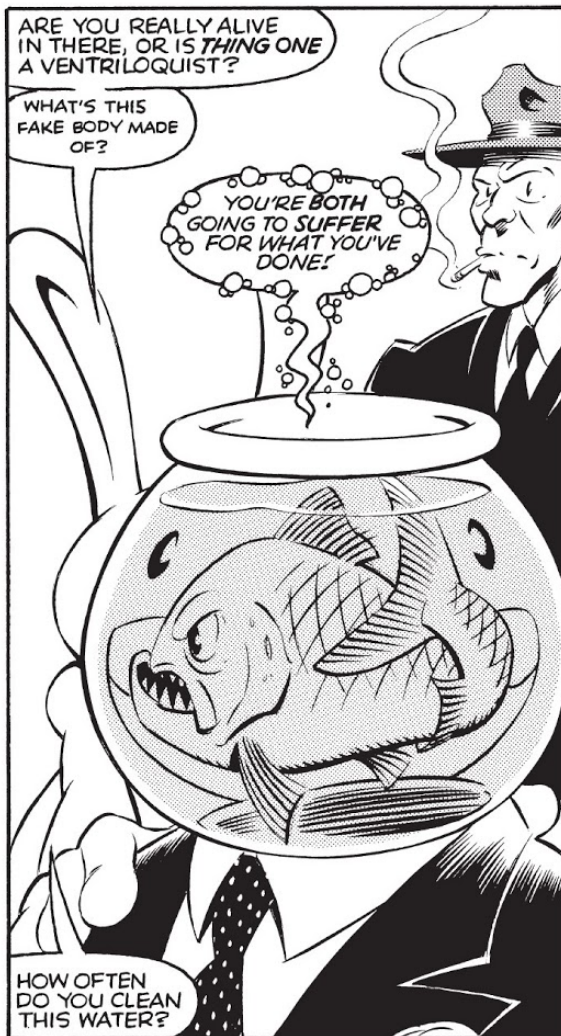






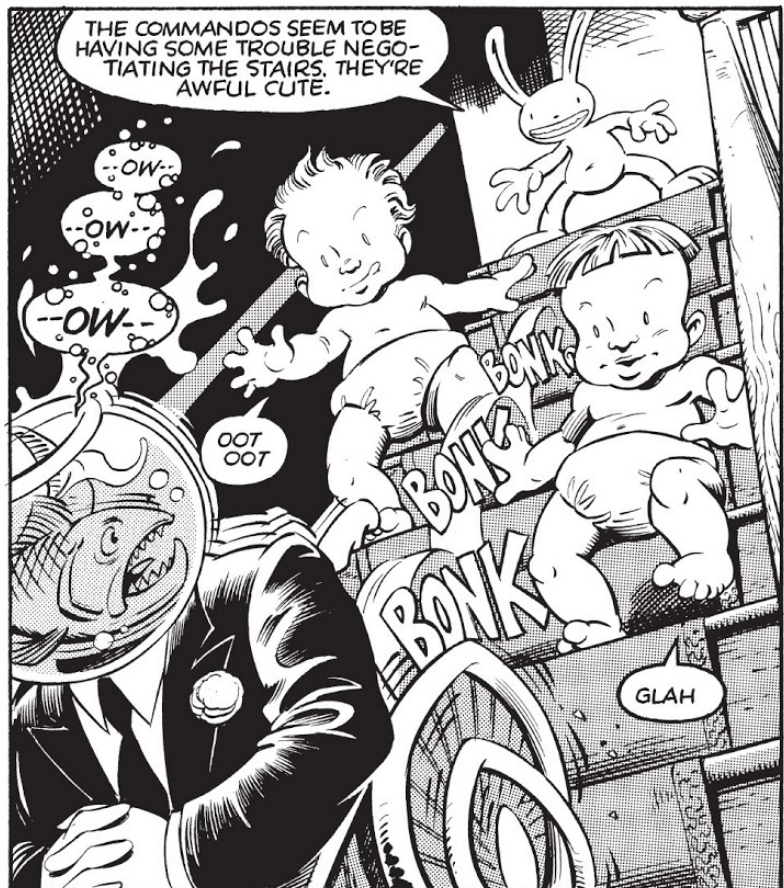












SAM & MAX ACTIVITY PAGE

GETTING ALONG IN THE JOINT

HEY KIDS! PLANNING ON SPENDING SOME TIME IN FEDERAL PRISON? WELL, HERE'S A COOL CRAFT PROJECT THAT MIGHT JUST SHORTEN YOUR STAY! JUST FOLLOW THESE LOVINGLY ILLUSTRATED INSTRUCTIONS:

FIRST YOU'LL WANT TO PILFER 10 OR 12 BARS OF SOAP FROM THE BIG, SCARY SHOWER ROOM. A FEW BARS AT A TIME CAN BE EASILY SWALLOWED AND RETRIEVED LATER. AW, GO AHEAD. IT'S NOT THE WORST THING YOU'LL EVER HAVE TO DO IN PRISON.

READY FOR ASSEMBLY? GET THE BARS WET SO THEY CAN BE FUSED TOGETHER, SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

A BLADE FROM A SHARPENED COT SPRING WORKS FINE FOR SHAPING. MAX FOUND THIS READY-MADE WHIT'LIN' KNIFE STUCK IN THE BACK OF IGGY THE SNITCH.

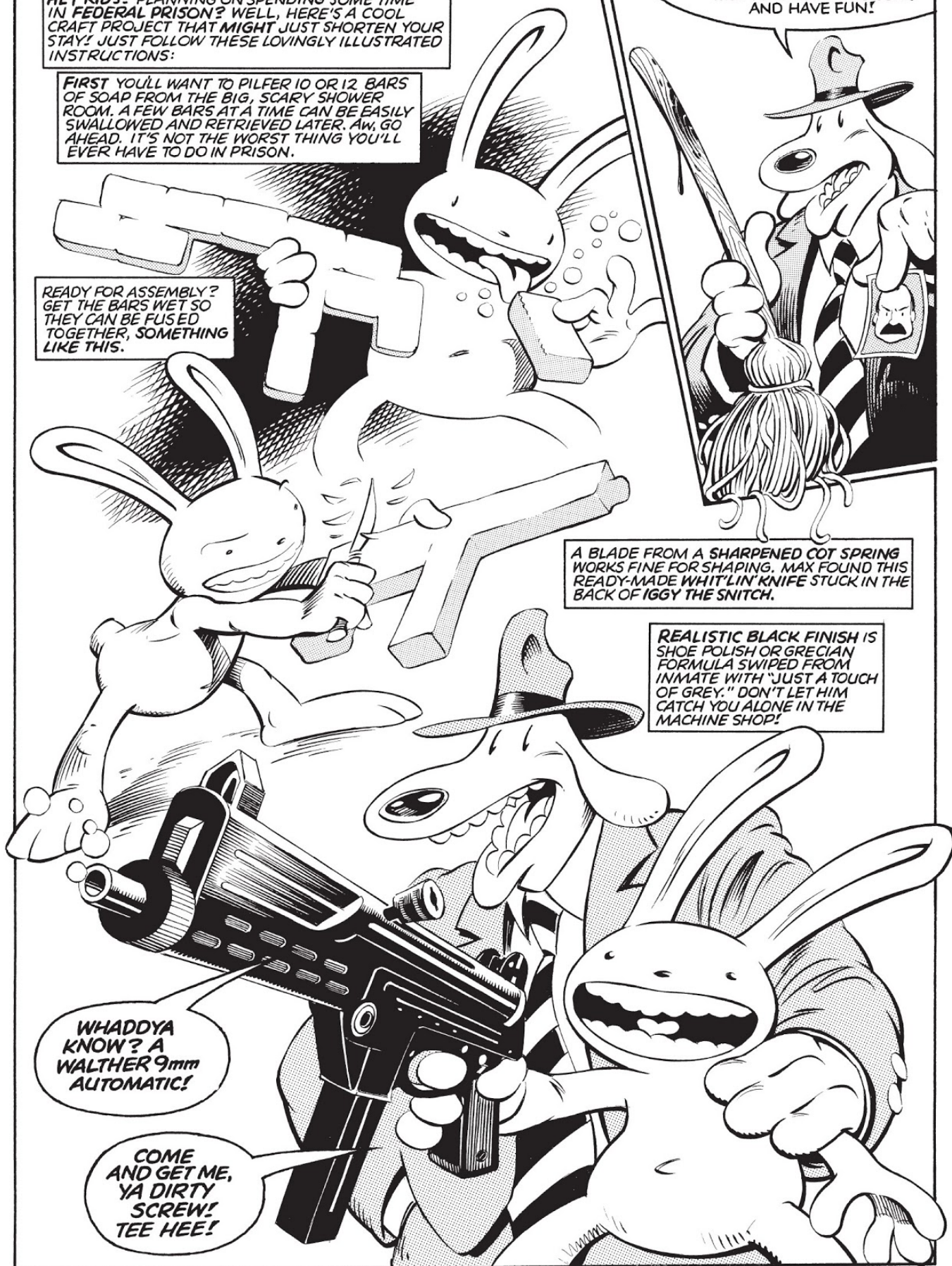
REALISTIC BLACK FINISH IS SHOE POLISH OR GRECIAN FORMULA SWIPED FROM INMATE WITH 'JUST A TOUCH OF GREY.' DON'T LET HIM CATCH YOU ALONE IN THE MACHINE SHOP!

WHADDYA KNOW? A WALTHER 9mm AUTOMATIC!

COME AND GET ME, YA DIRTY SCREW! TEE HEE!

SAM'S SURVIVAL CORNER

MAX'S PAL, GORDON LIDDY, HAS SOME ADVICE FOR YOU GUYS ABOUT KEEPING YOUR MANHOOD IN PRISON, AND I'M PARAPHRASING: "IF SOMEONE SAYS, 'GOOD MORNING,' BASH IN HIS HEAD WITH A MOP HANDLE." GOOD LUCK AND HAVE FUN!

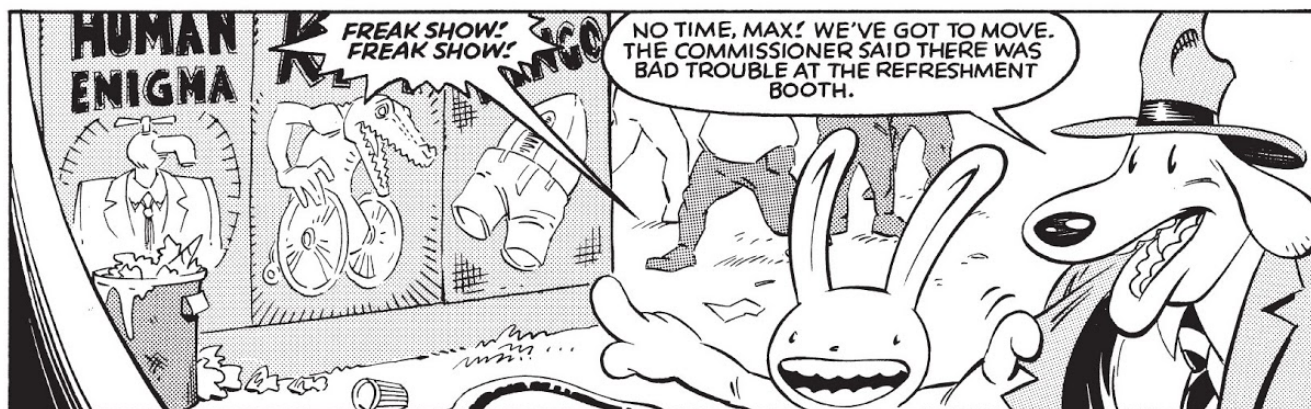


SAM and MAX
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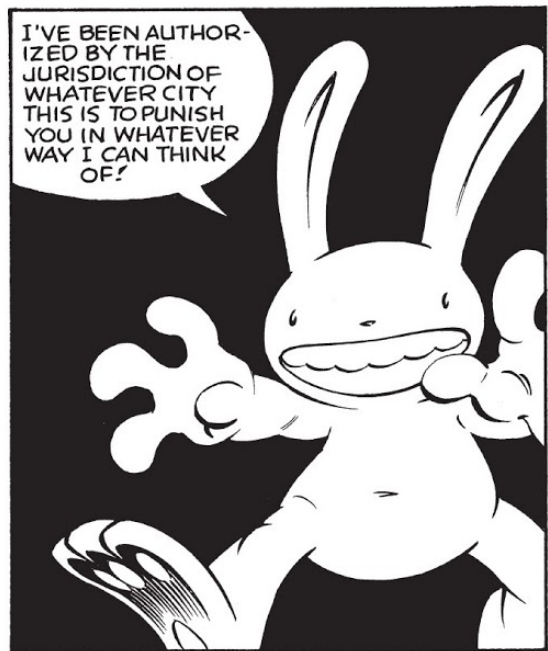
NIGHT OF THE GRINGING WILDEBEEST

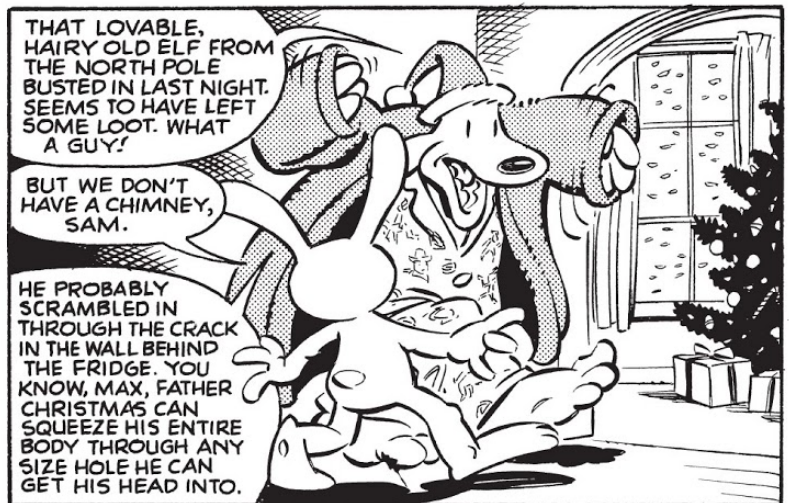
BASED ON THE BROADWAY
MUSICAL: SAM AND MAX
GO TO THE CARNIVAL

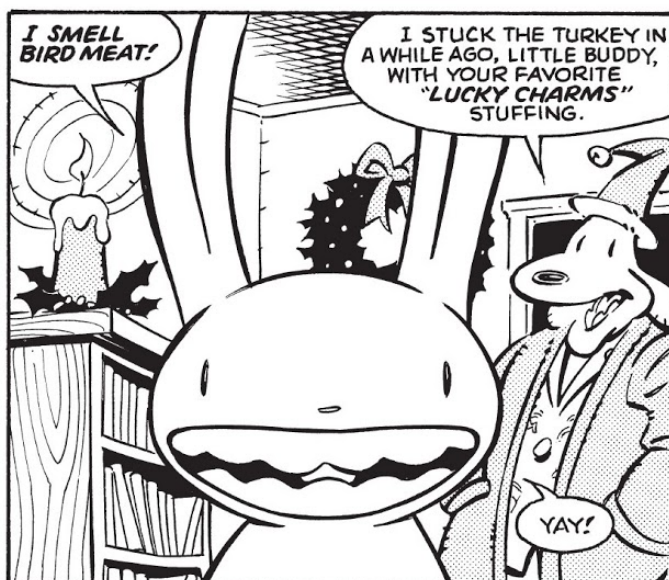
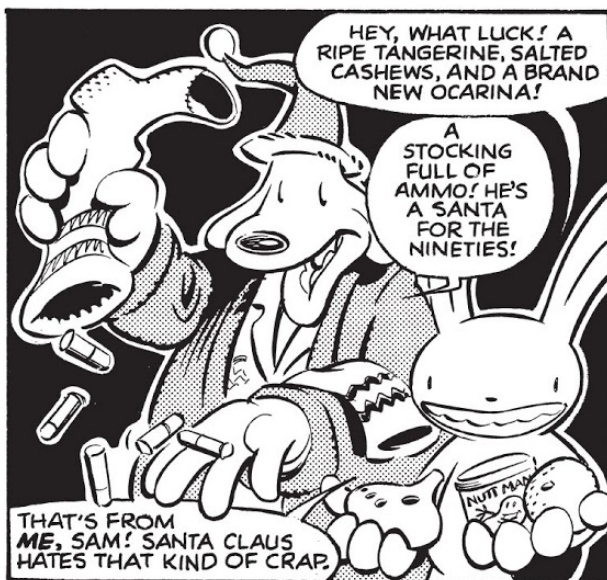
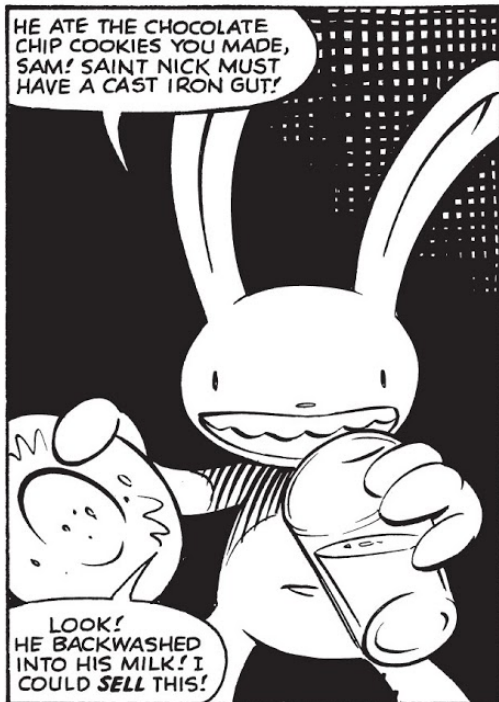
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
STEVE PURCELL
LETTERED BY: L. LOIS BUHALIS

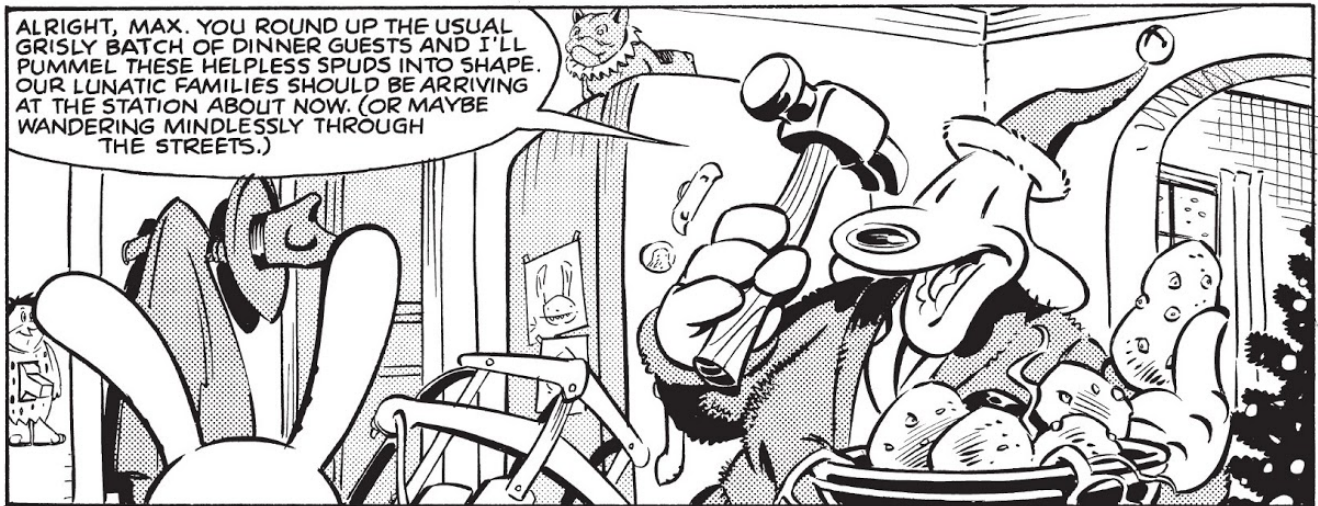














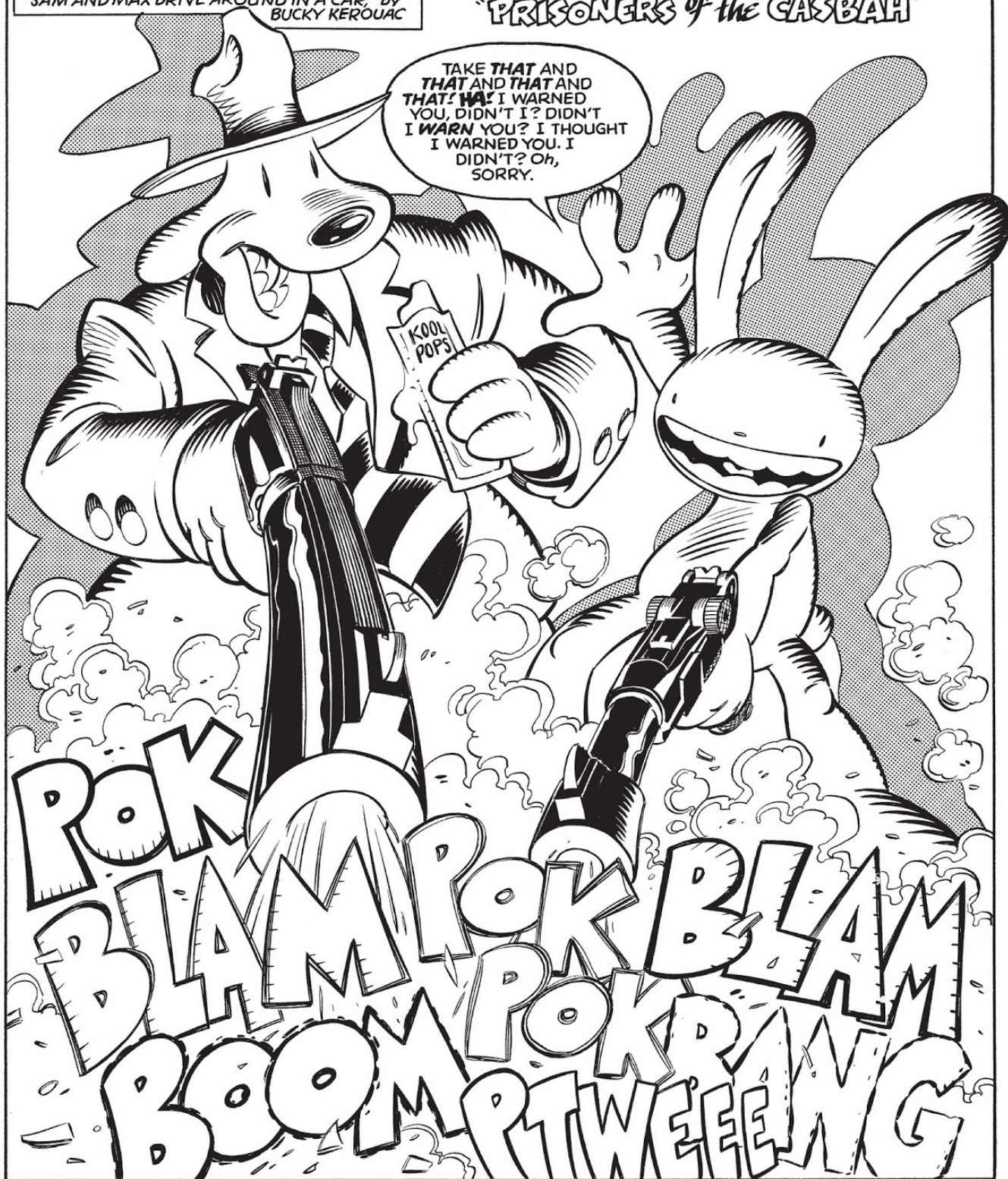
SAM & MAX

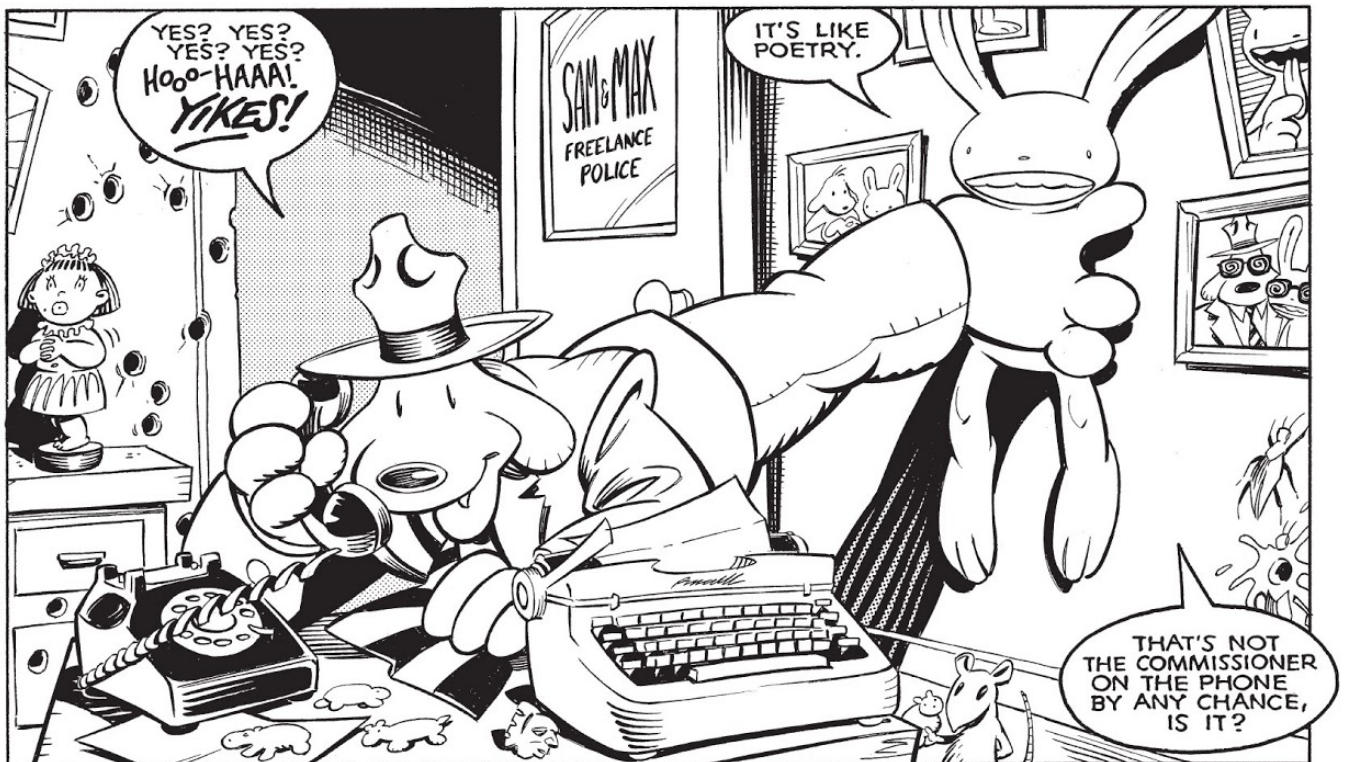
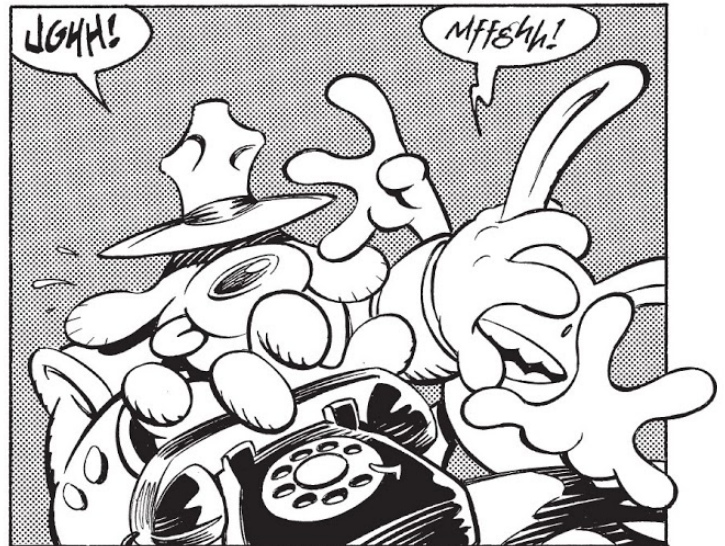
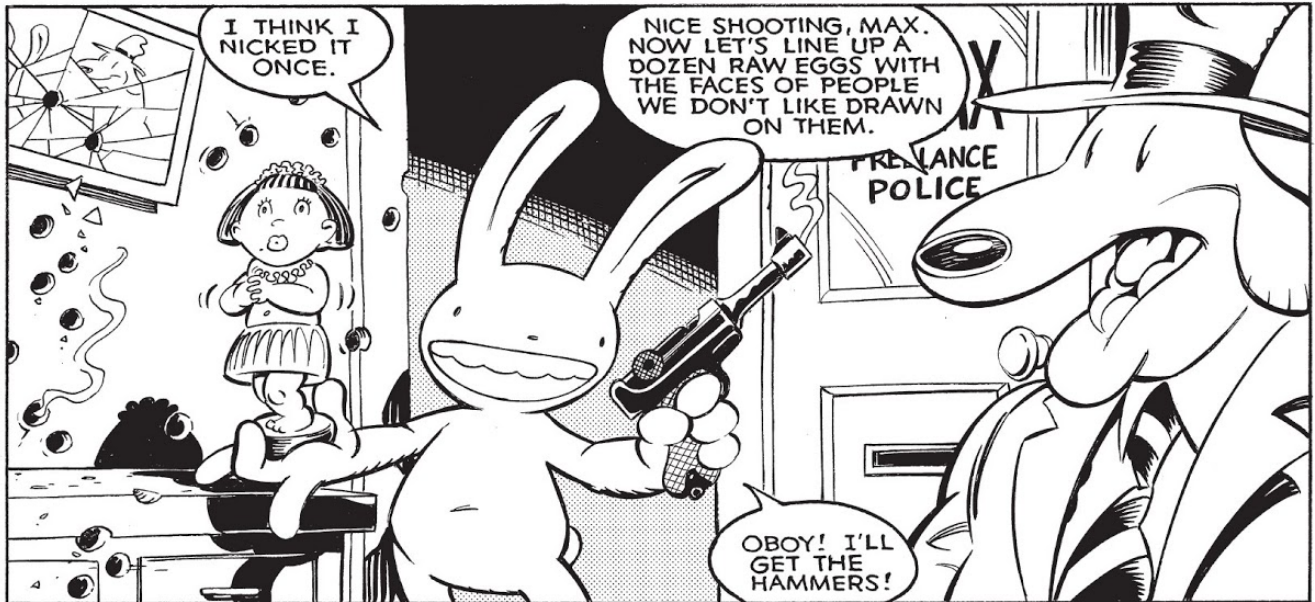
FREELANCE POLICE

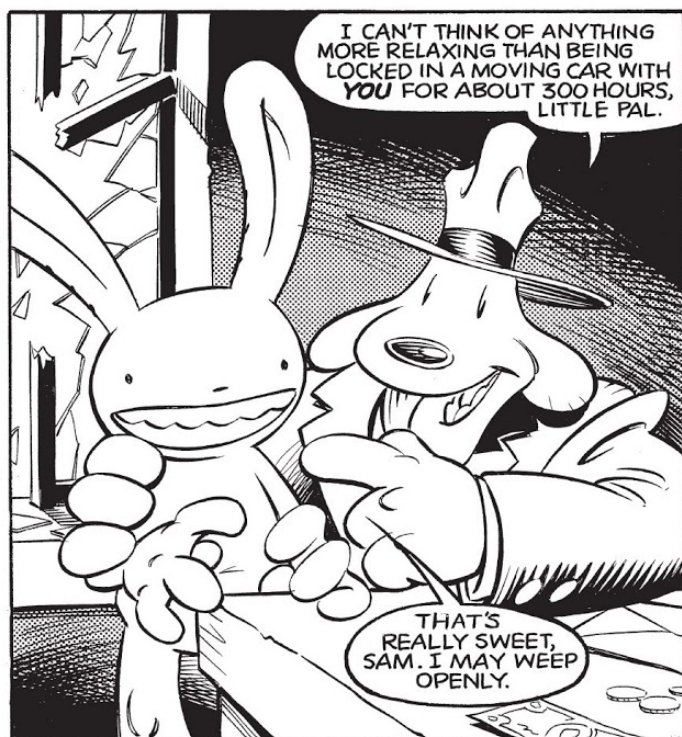
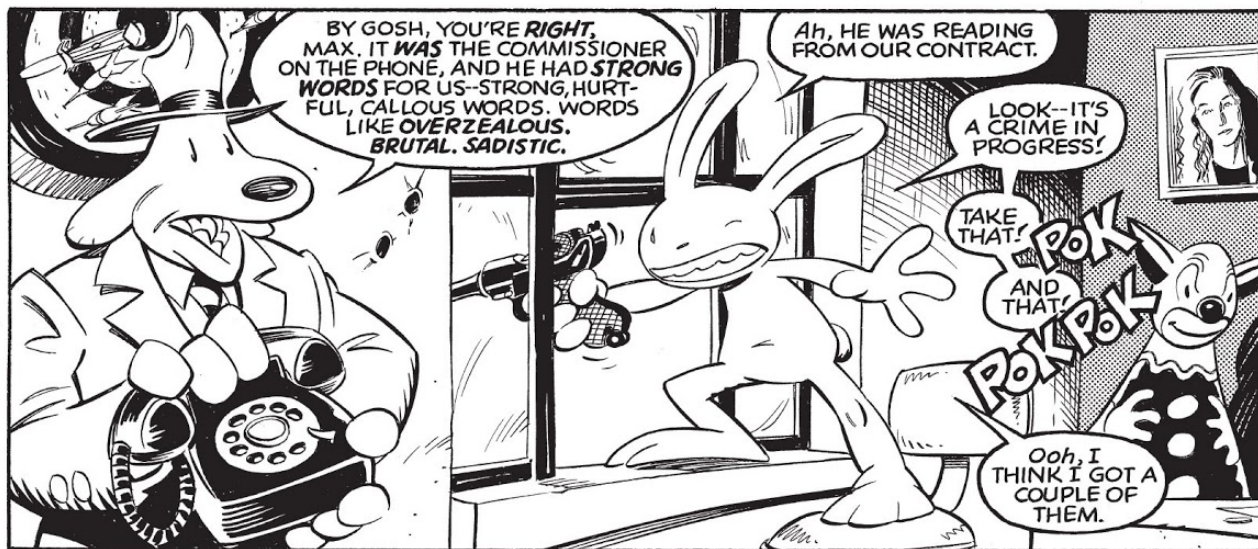
BASED ON THE FAMED BEAT GENERATION NOVEL,
"SAM AND MAX DRIVE AROUND IN A CAR" by
BUCKY KEROUAC

CHAPTER 1:

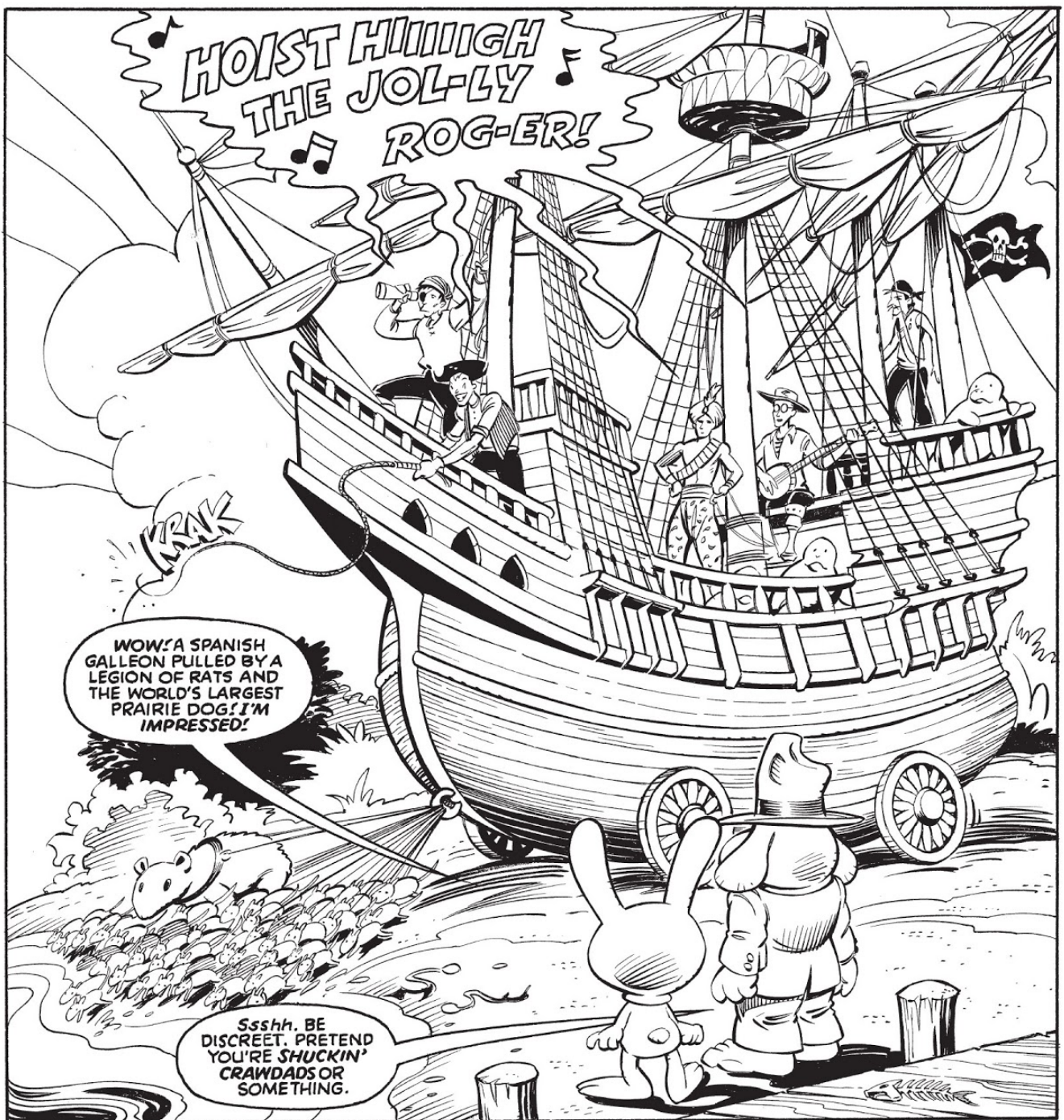
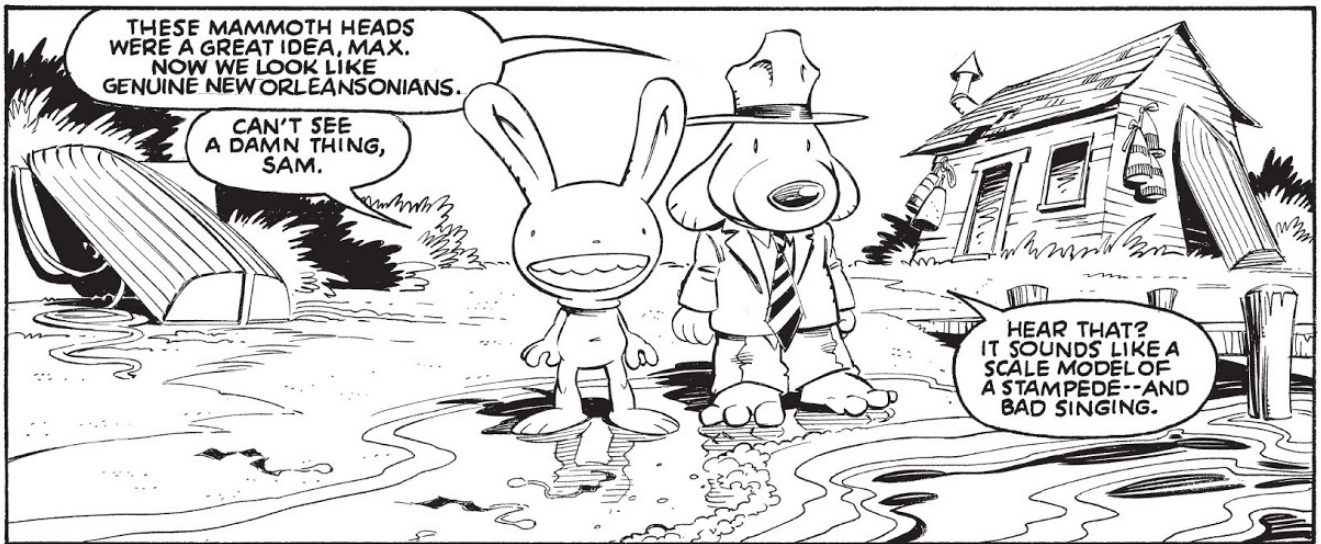
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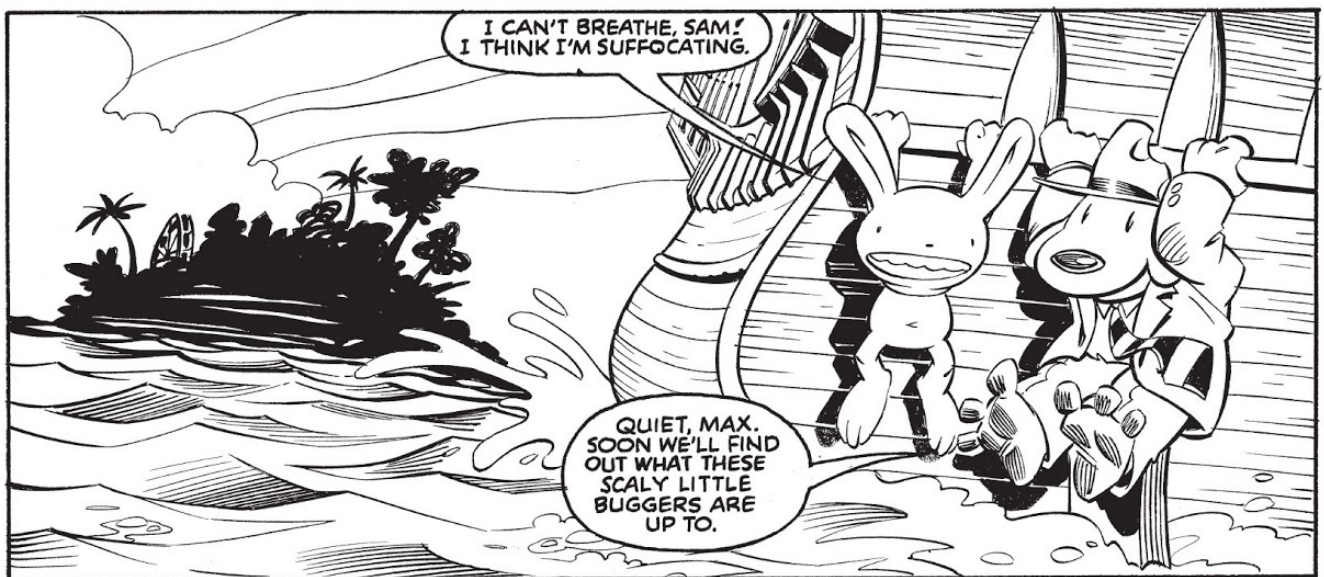
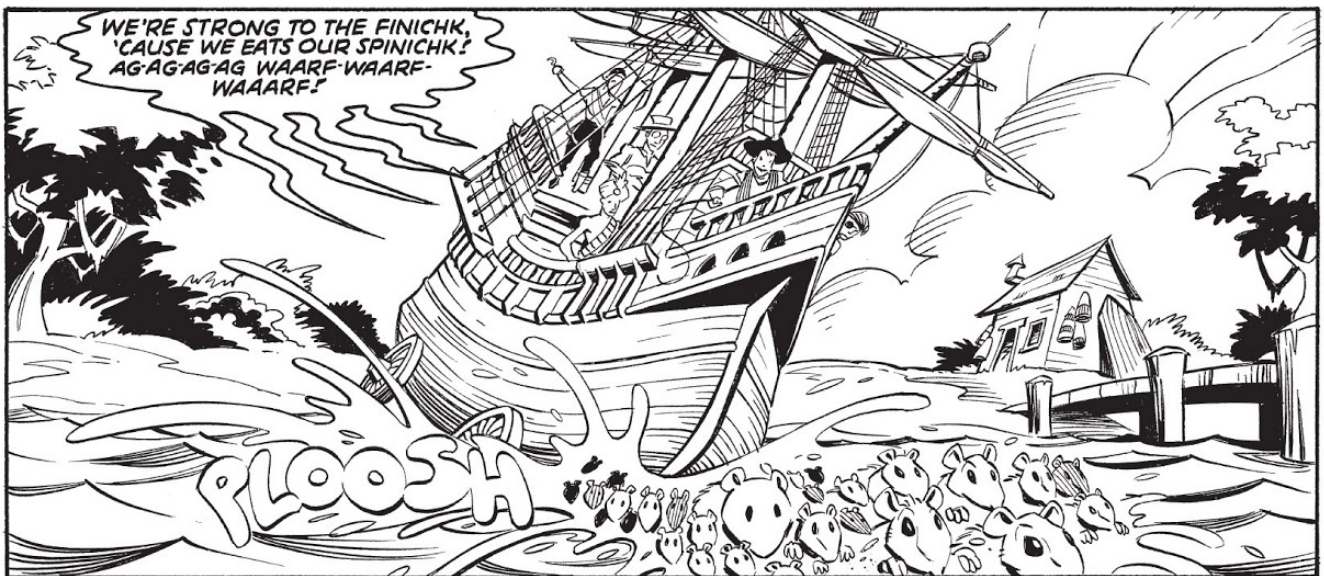


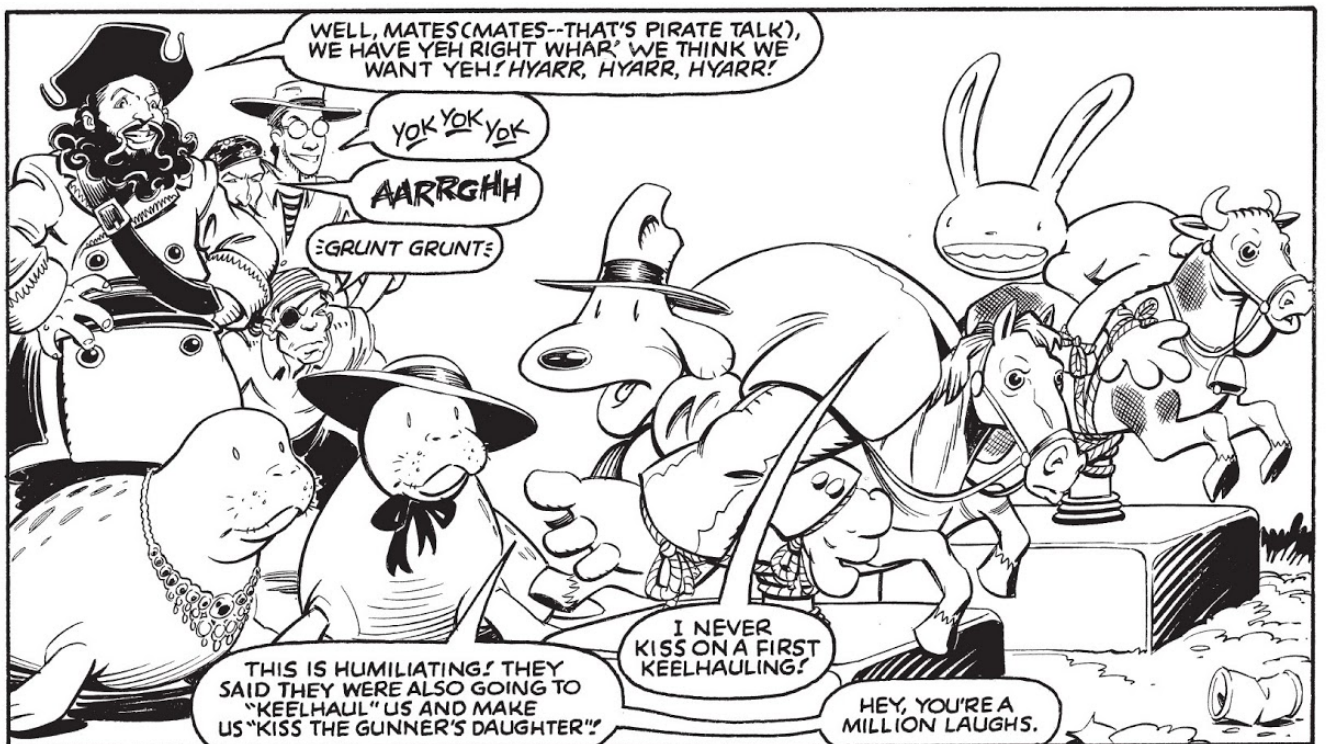
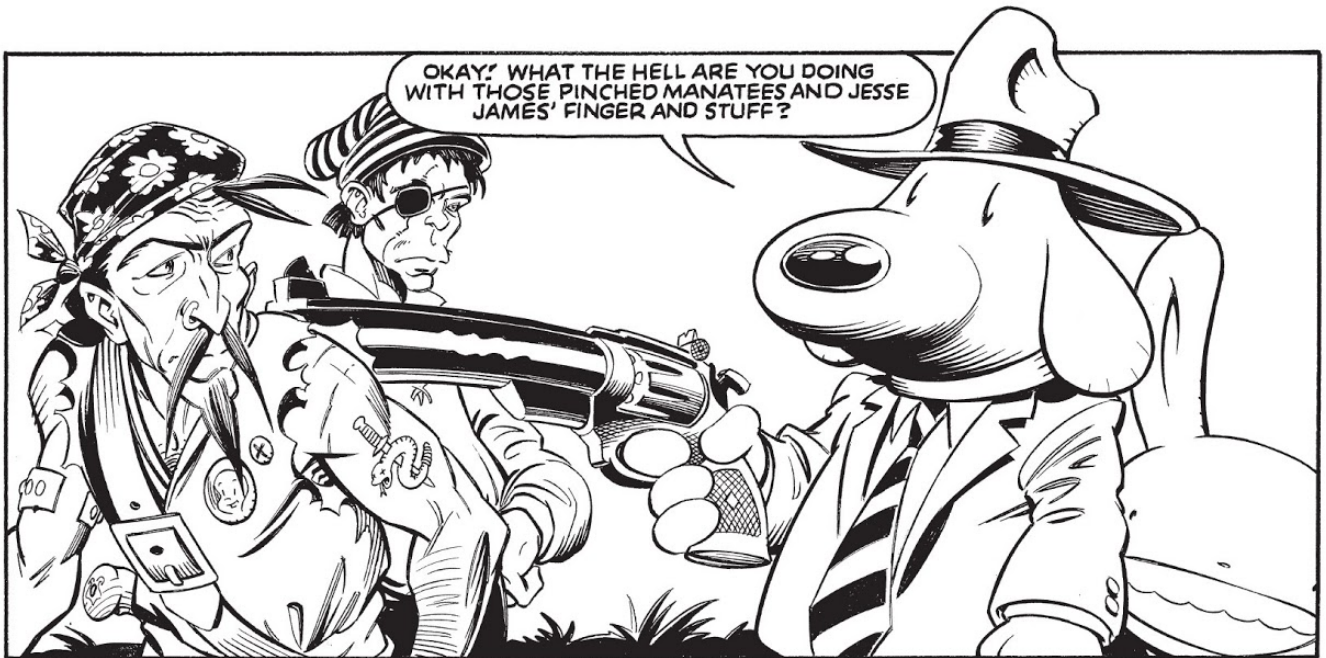


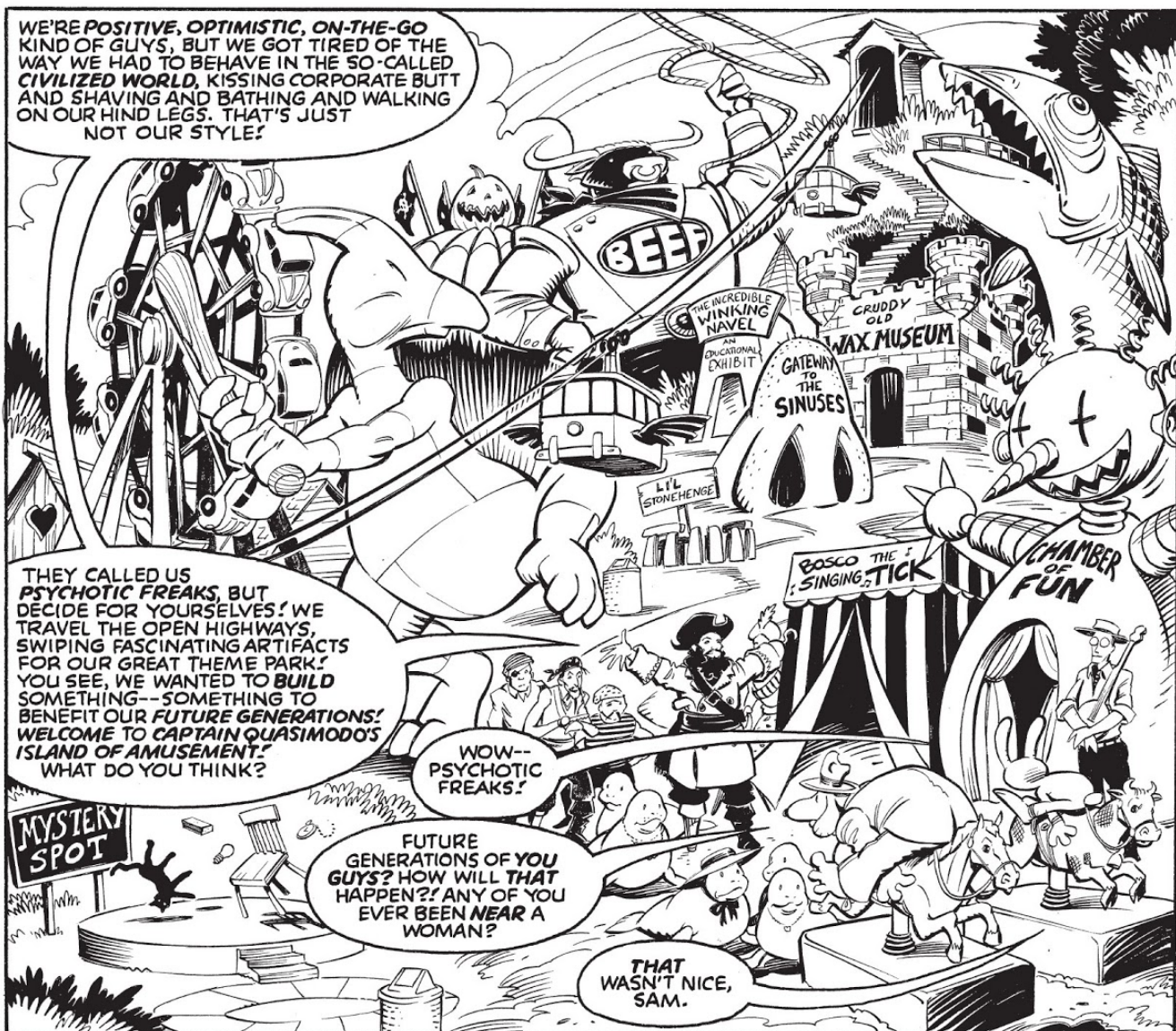
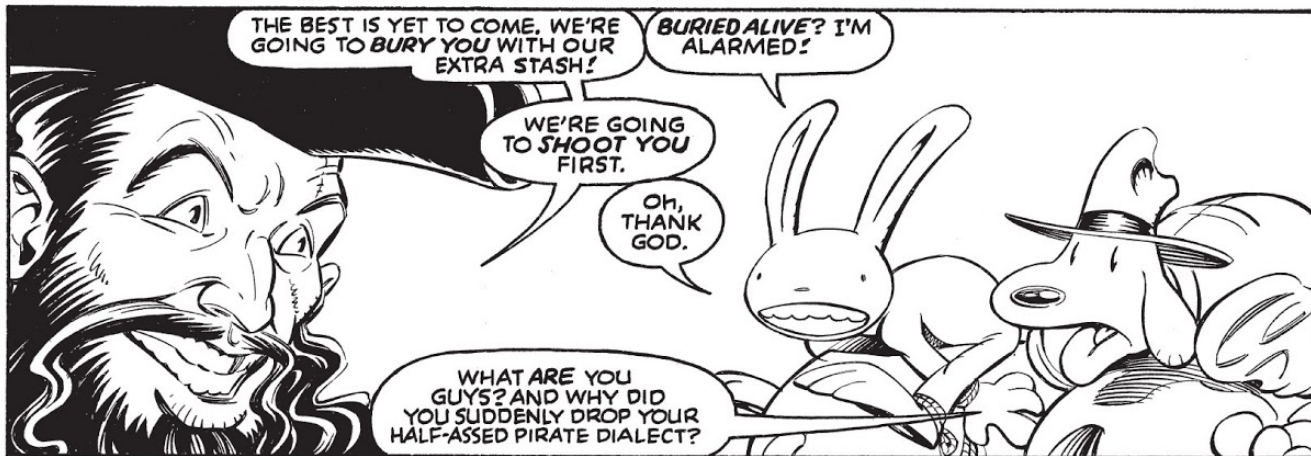












Oh, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. WE
HAVEN'T INTRODUCED OUR
DARLING GIRLIES OF THE
SEA, LOVELY MAIDS OF THE
DEEP, MOST BELOVED--

YIKES! THAT'S ENOUGH--
I'M GETTING DIZZY!

SHALL WE
SING YOU A
SONG ABOUT
THEM?

GOD HELP US, MAX! THEY'RE
GOING TO DO A NUMBER!

ABOUT THEIR
"MERMAID"
WIVES? I
MAY LOSE MY
MIND!

PLINK PLINKA PLINK PLINKA
PLINK PLINK PLINK

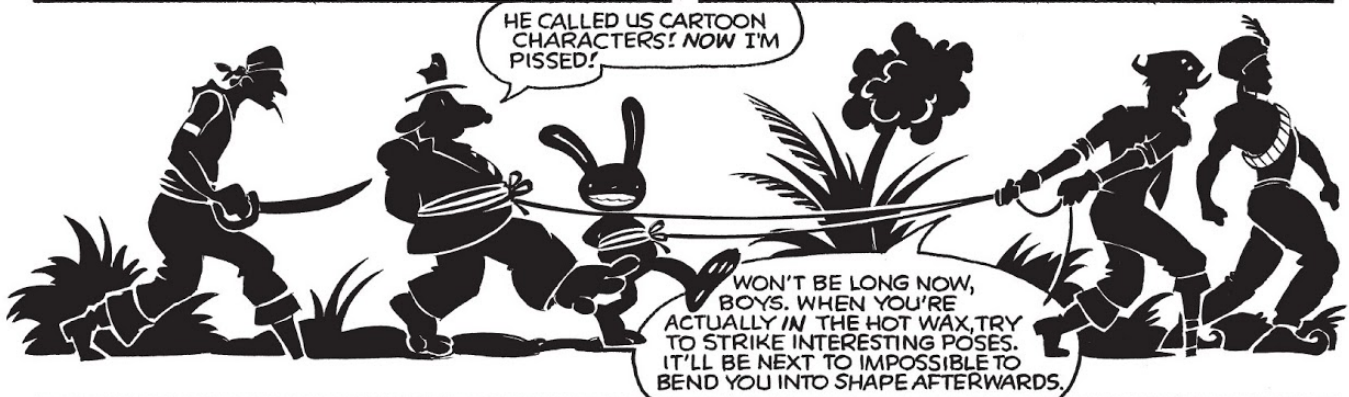
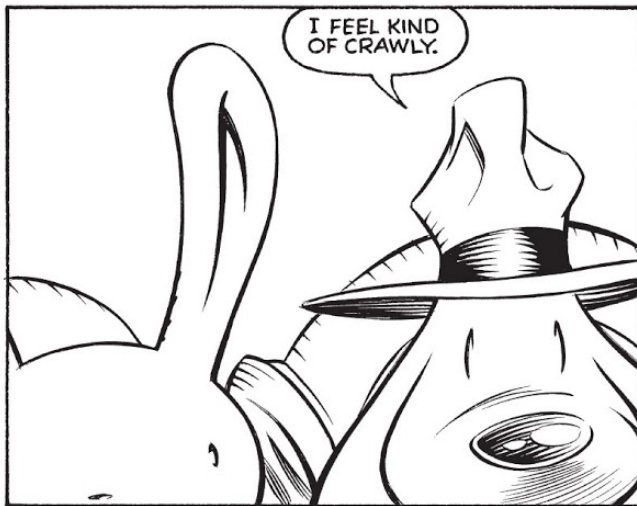
WHEN I COME UP FROM
'ROUND THE HORN
I FOUND A GAL
WHAT MAKES ME BEAM
SHE HOLDS ME
IN HER SUPPLE FLIPPERS
DARLIN' LADY
OF MY DREAMS!

MANATEE! SWEET MANATEE!
YOUR MUSTACHE BRISTLES
TICKLE ME
IN PLACES NO ONE EVER SEES
MY SOFT AND LOVING MANATEE!

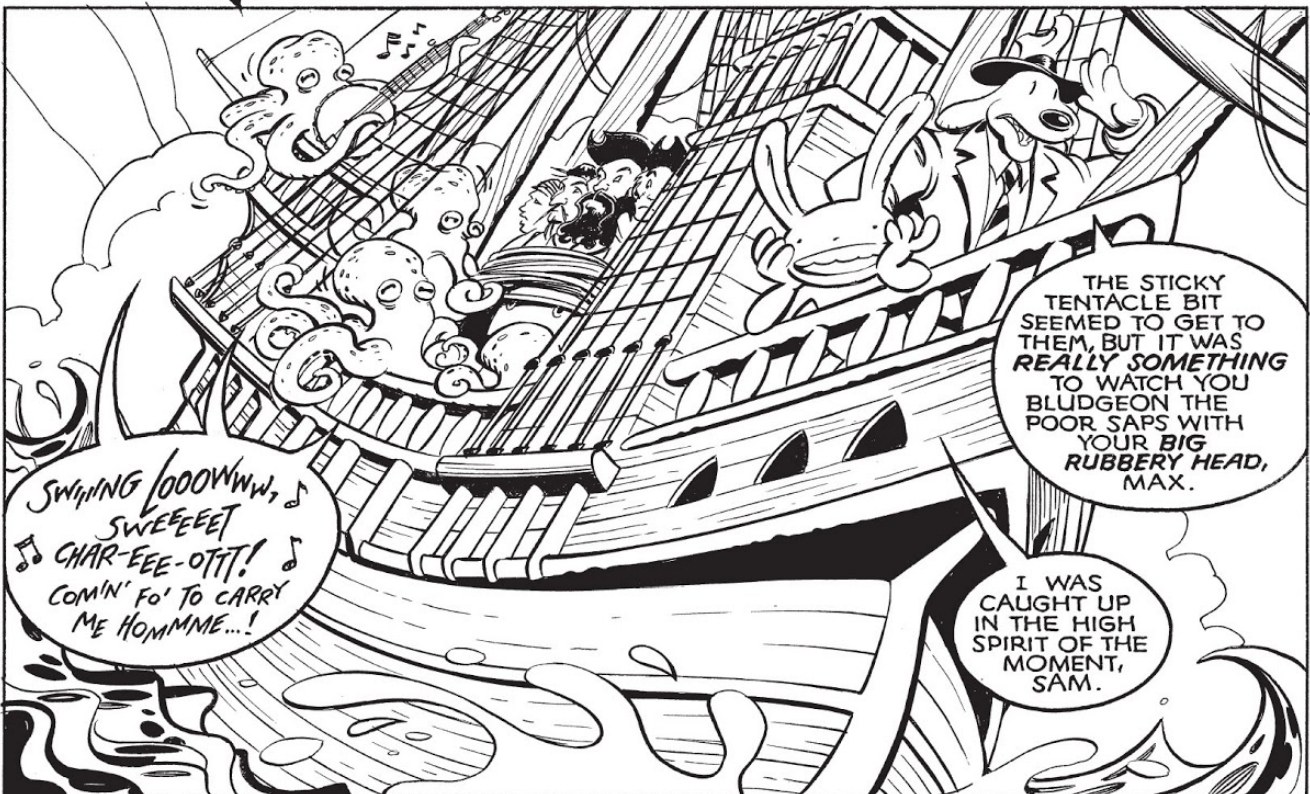
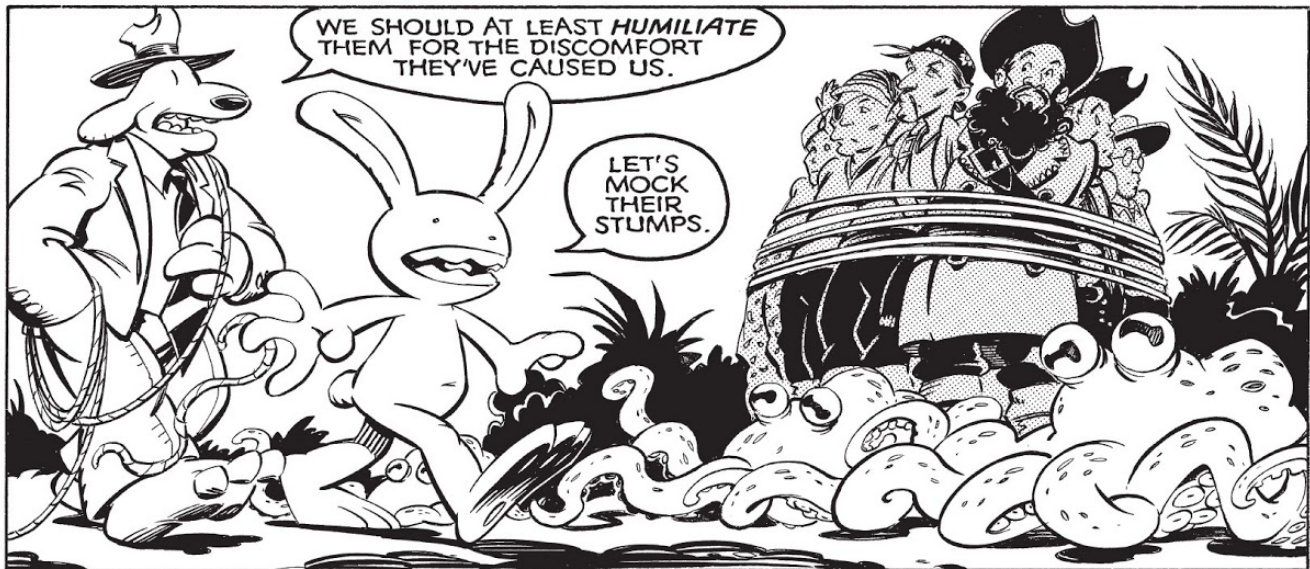
I FOUND HER BOBBIN'
IN THE SURF
HER BRINY SMILE
ENCHANTIN' ME
WE HAULED HER UP
AND GAVE HER LOVIN'
A BUOYANT LASS
YOU WOULD AGREE!

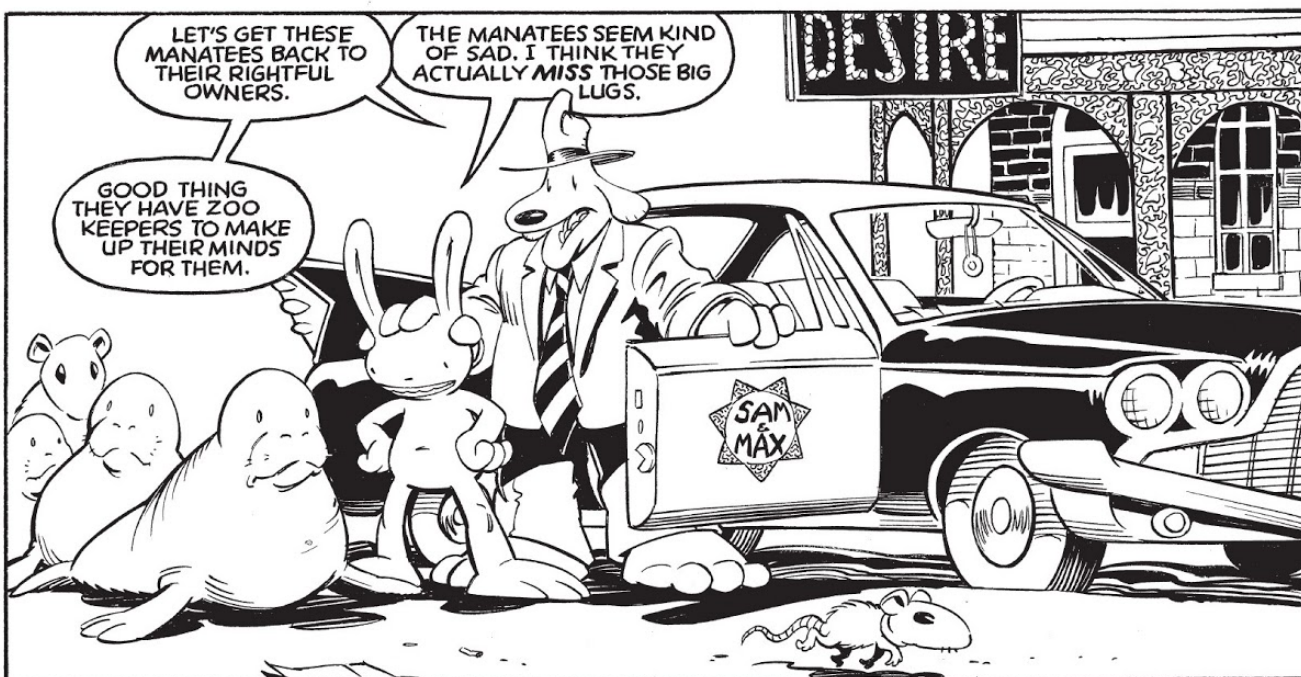
MANATEE! SWEET MANATEE!
MY BUXOM BOVINE
FROM THE SEA
OH, WON'T YOU COME AND
MARRY ME?
MY WARM AND FLACCID
MANATEEEEE!

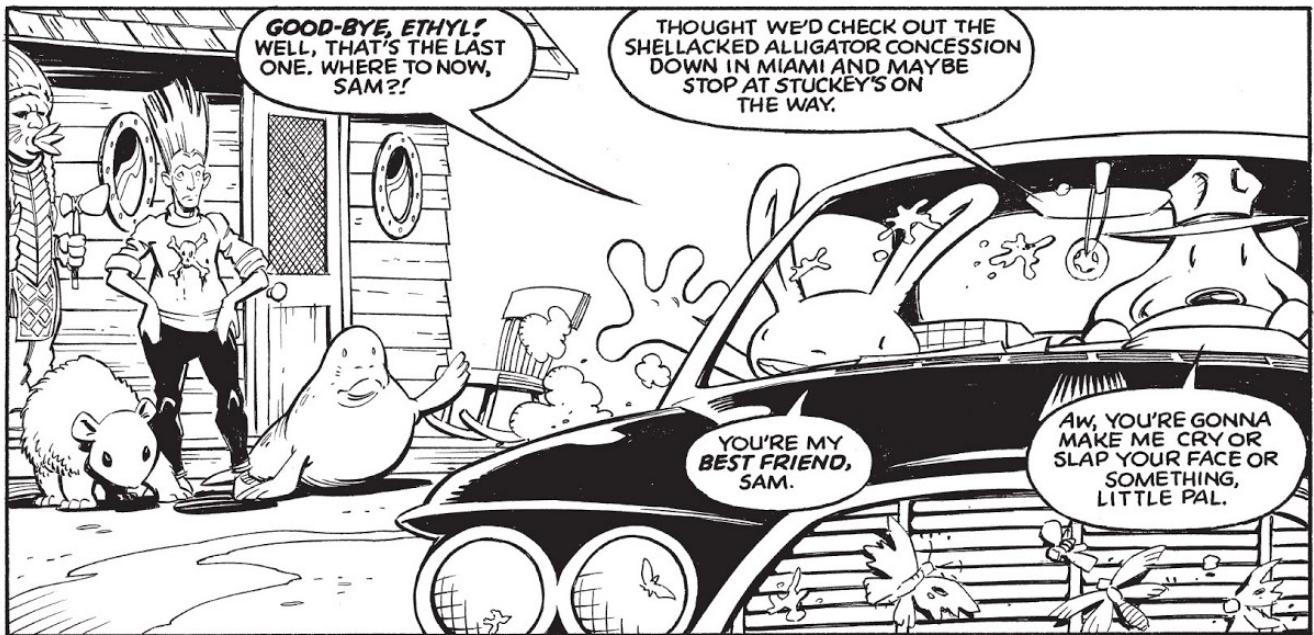
25¢











A SAM & MAX ARTSY-CRAFTSY BIT OF TIME-WASTING NONSENSE!

HOW 'BOUT A LOVABLE PAPER BAG MAX-HEAD PUPPET?

HUH? HOW ABOUT IT?

WAAHK WAAAHK

I LIKE IT!

I'VE GOT ONE, AS DO ALL THE PEOPLE I RESPECT AND ADMIRE. AND YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW GLAD I AM ABOUT IT.

HERE'S HOW:

CUT THESE SHAPES OUT OF WHITE CONSTRUCTION PAPER.

GLUE THEM ONTO A PAPER LUNCH BAG IN A FACE-LIKE CONFIGURATION.

DRAW MAX'S ADORABLE FEATURES AND THE INSIDE OF HIS GAPING MAW ON THE BAG (IF YOU FEEL AMBITIOUS, YOU CAN INCLUDE EVERYTHING MAX MAY HAVE EATEN IN THE LAST 24 HOURS).

USE IT TO COMMUNICATE IDEAS AND CONCEPTS TO PEOPLE OF OTHER LANDS! MAX'S TERRIFYING HEAD IS A UNIVERSAL SYMBOL OF SOMETHING OR OTHER, I THINK.

MAKE A BUNCH AND USE THEM TO PUT ON TWISTED PUPPET SHOWS FOR THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS WHICH WILL AFFECT THEM LATER IN LIFE!

KEEP ONE IN YOUR FIRST-AID KIT AND DON'T FORGET TO KEEP A SPARE IN THE FAMILY CAR! OKAY?





HO! THERE HASN'T BEEN ANY OIL OR TRANSMISSION FLUID IN THIS CAR FOR DAYS. THIS WILL BE VERY EXPENSIVE. GLAD YOU CAME BY.

GOT A FUDG'ICLE MACHINE HERE?

LOOKS LIKE THE BLOCK'S CRACKED. IT'S A PRETTY UGLY SCENE ALL AROUND IN THERE. YOU'D BETTER SIGN THIS BLANK WORK ORDER.

HOW WAS IT, LITTLE BUDDY?

IT WAS DARK, LIKE A CAVE, AND THERE WERE NO TOILETS-- JUST BLACK, SMOKING HOLES IN THE WALLS AND FLOOR! GIANT ROACHES HOWLED LIKE DAMNED SOULS AS THEY SKITTERED ALONG THE MOLDERING GROUT-WORK!

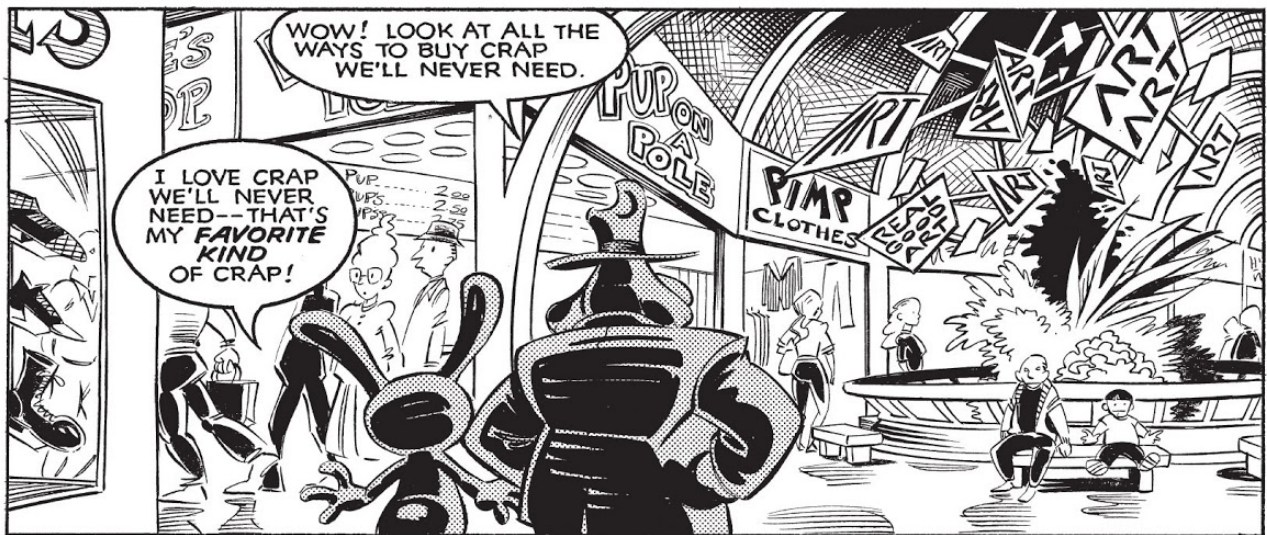
SAM & MAX

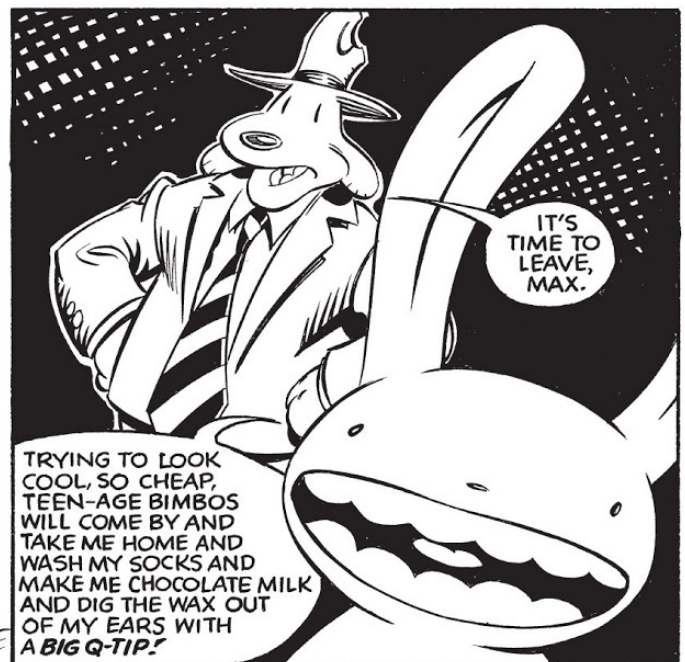
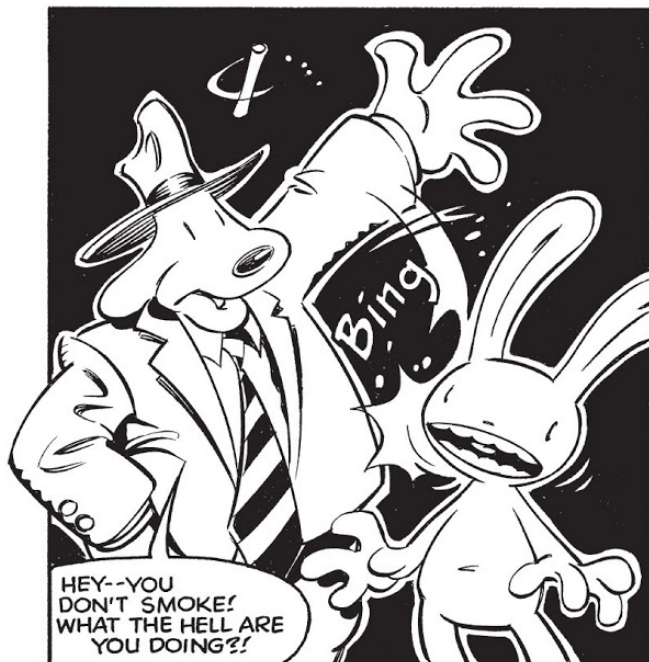
DID YOU WASH YOUR FLUFFY PAWS?

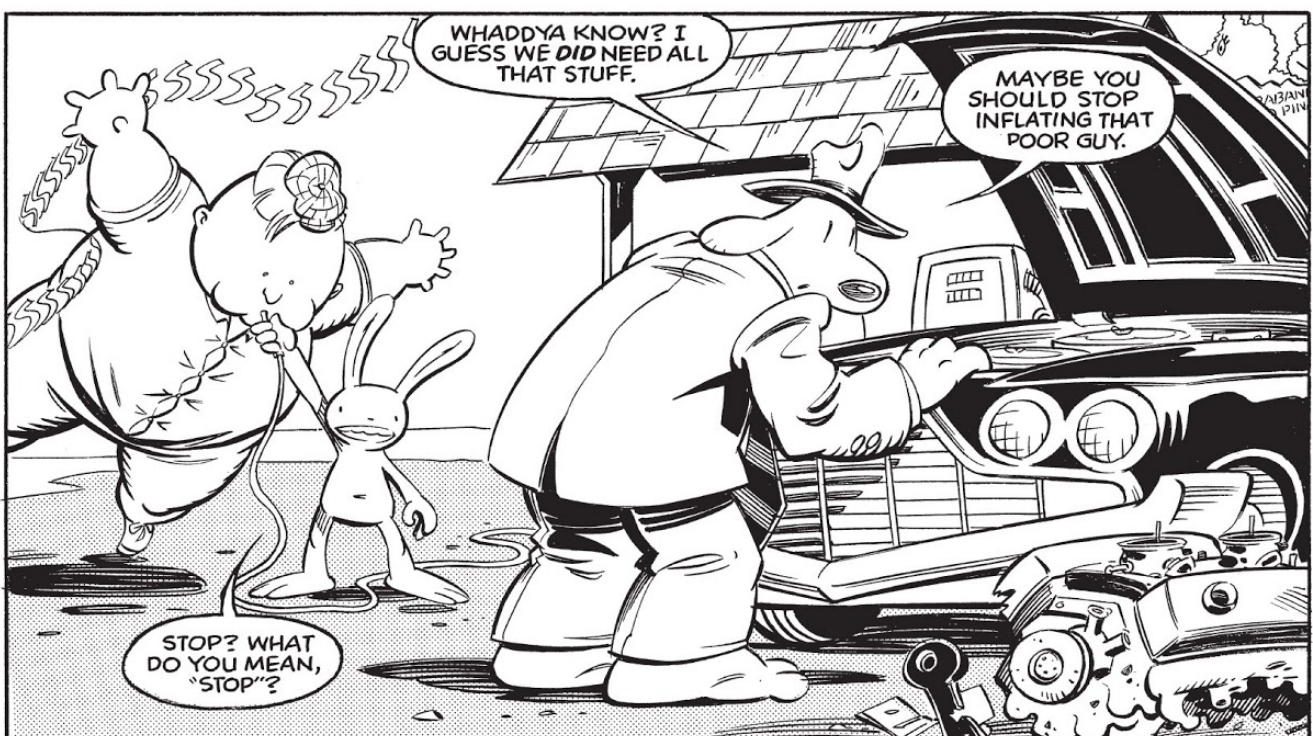
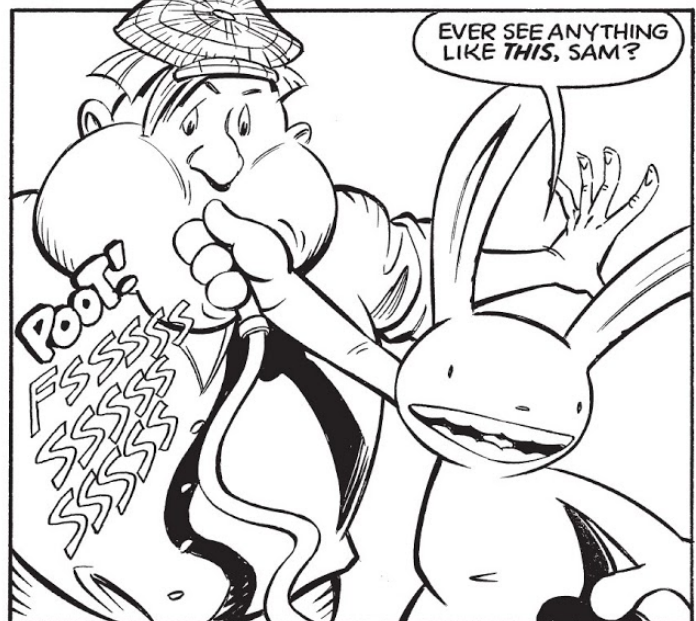
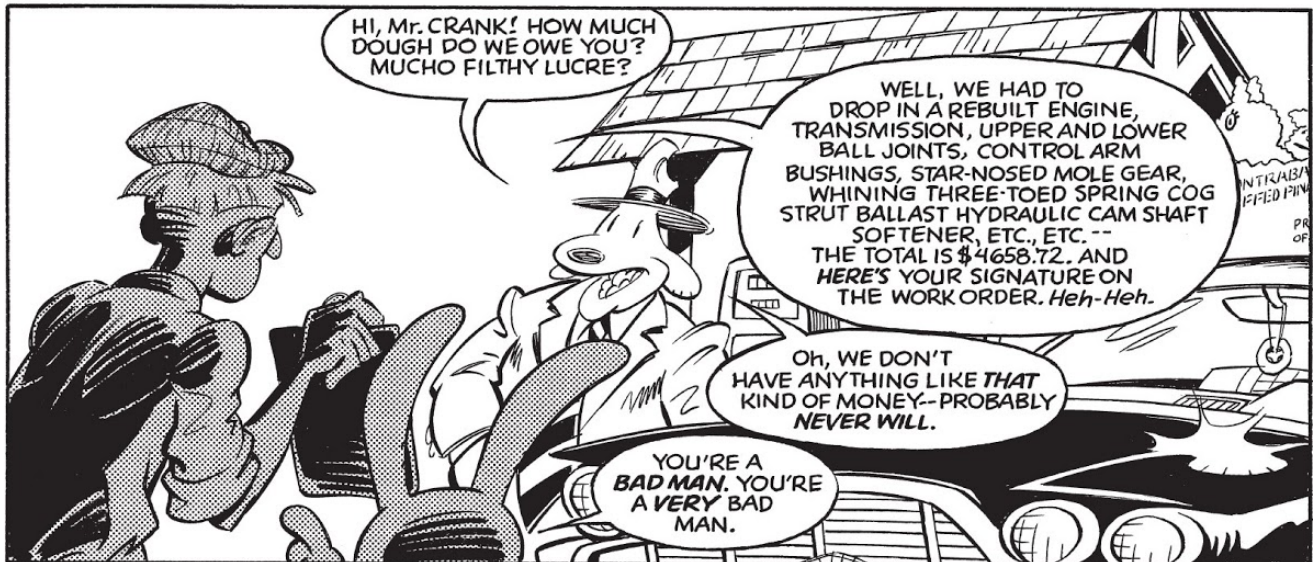


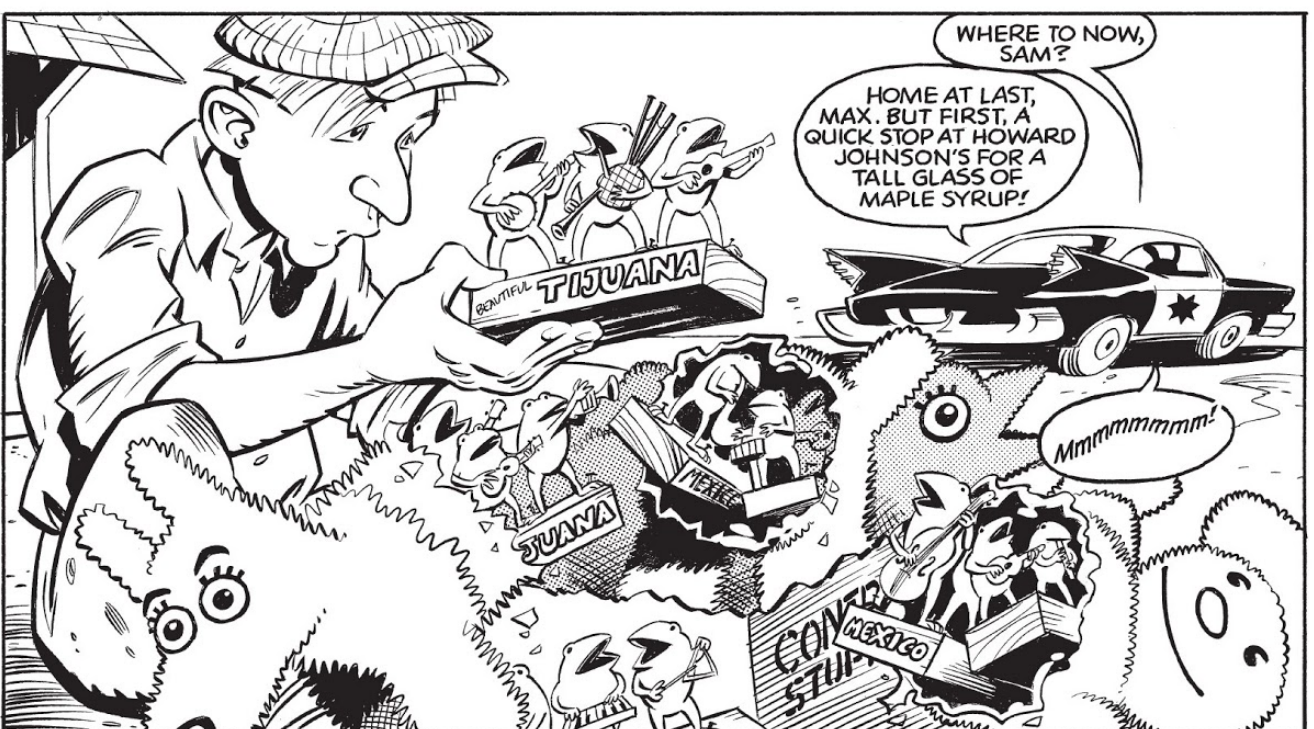
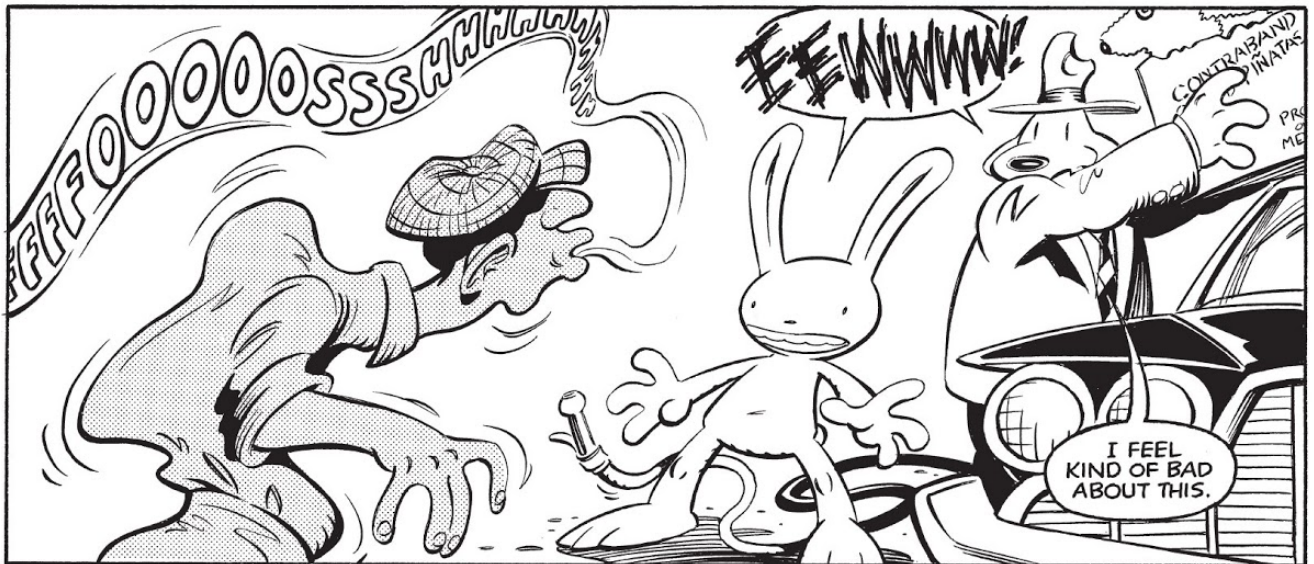
I THINK HE SAID TO COME BACK LATER. LET'S GO WANDER THROUGH THE NEW MALL FOR A WHILE.

OBOY! WE CAN LOOK AT EVERYONE WE'RE GLAD WE AREN'T.











HEY, SAM! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SO GOOD AT THIS!

I'VE BEEN *HIGHWAY SURFING* MOST OF MY LIFE, LITTLE PAL. IT'S AN EXCELLENT WAY TO CAP OFF A SUCCESSFUL ROAD TRIP!

AND IT SEEMS TO BRING JOY TO THE HEARTS OF PASSING BUS LOADS OF SWEATING TOURISTS.

SAM
&
MAX

YOU BUST ME UP, MAX!

The End

Sam & Max
PRESENT:

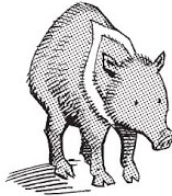
OUR BEWILDERING UNIVERSE

A NEEDLESS OVERVIEW OF OUR SURROUNDINGS TO PROVOKE EXCHANGES OF IDEAS AND GUNFIRE!

BAFFLING ANIMAL WONDERS

LOOK AT
THAT. ISN'T IT
RIDICULOUS?

MAYBE
IT WILL LEAVE
IF WE ALL
LAUGH AT IT.



MAX'S WORLD OF DISCOVERY

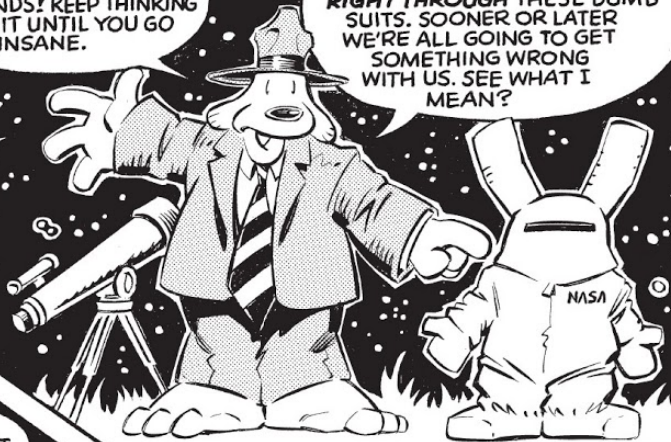
HERE'S AN
EXPERIMENT YOU
CAN DO! LEAVE A
BAG OF BREAD ON
TOP OF THE
REFRIGERATOR FOR A
LONG TIME. IT WILL
EVENTUALLY TURN
GREY AND TASTE BAD.
NOW THROW IT
INTO THE STREET.



SEA MONKEYS ARE NOT PRIMATES!

TRY IMAGINING
HOW FAR THE UNIVERSE
EXTENDS! KEEP THINKING
ABOUT IT UNTIL YOU GO
INSANE.

DO YOU KNOW THAT
THE EARTH IS CONSTANTLY
BEING BOMBARDED BY
COSMIC RAYS? AND THEY GO
RIGHT THROUGH THESE DUMB
SUITS. SOONER OR LATER
WE'RE ALL GOING TO GET
SOMETHING WRONG
WITH US. SEE WHAT I
MEAN?



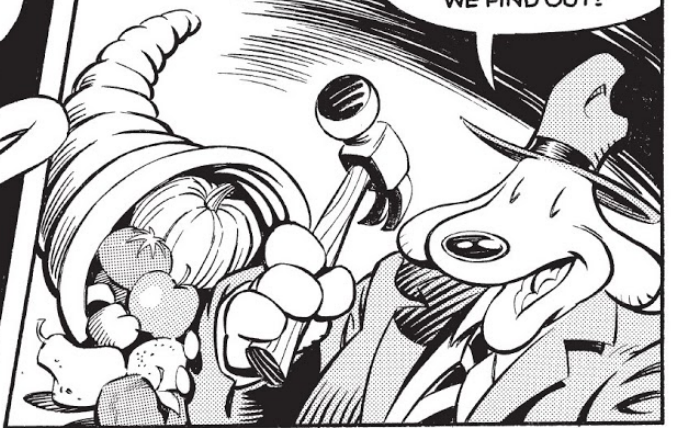
WHO KNOWS WHAT
WOULD HAPPEN IF ALL AT
ONCE THEY OPENED ALL
THE LOCKS IN THE
PANAMA CANAL?
I DON'T!

ME
NEITHER, BUT
IT WOULD
PROBABLY BE
HORRIBLE!



AMAZING PRODUCE

WHICH FRUIT OR
VEGETABLE IS MOST
RESILIENT WHEN
YOU THROW HAMMERS
AT IT? HOW CAN
WE FIND OUT?



SAM & MAX'S DISGUISE O'RAMA

WHAT COULD BE MORE ENJOYABLE THAN DRESSING AND STRIPPING EVERYONE'S MOST BELOVED PIN-HEADED CARTOON CHARACTERS? OR ANYONE ELSE FOR THAT MATTER! PASTE THESE PAGES ONTO HEAVY PAPER OR PLYWOOD AND CUT THEM OUT WITH A HACKSAW, NOW!

I DON'T KNOW IF I'M COMFORTABLE WITH THE IDEA OF EVERYONE KNOWING I HAVE A BODY LIKE STEPHEN KING.

OH, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD! DON'T CUT THE BOOK UP AND THEN HAVE TO BUY A SECOND COPY!

GOSH NO! YOU SHOULD SEAL THIS ONE IN AN ACID-FREE PLEXIGLASS CUBE, BURY IT IN YOUR YARD AND JUST THINK ABOUT ALL THE FUN YOU MIGHT'VE HAD.



SAM'S STANDARD ISSUE GREY SUIT HELPS DIFFUSE THE POTENTIAL HORROR OF THE SIGHT OF A BLATHERING, UPRIGHT-WALKING, SIX-FOOT DOG.



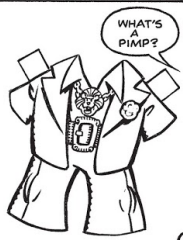
ILLUSTRATED GUY: SAM COULD USE THIS OUTFIT TO INFILTRATE A GROUP OF SNAKE HANDLERS OR QUAIN, MOTORCYCLING ENTHUSIASTS.



SECRETLY ENCODED HAWAIIAN SHIRT: SAM'S SEDUCTIVE, WRITHING NATIVE DANCE COULD CONVEY A SIGNIFICANT MESSAGE IN THE RIGHT CIRCLES, OR INSPIRE A SHOOTING.



MAX'S AUTHENTIC PIMP SUIT ALLOWS HIM TO INVESTIGATE MOST FRIGHTENING, URBAN, CRIME-INTERESTED UNDERBELLES, SOMEWHERE IS A THREE-FOOT NAKED PIMP.



WHAT'S A PIMP?



MAX FOUND THESE IN THE DUMPSTER BEHIND BURGER BOY® HE IS CONFUSED BY SINISTER RUMORS ABOUT WHAT THEY MIGHT BE.

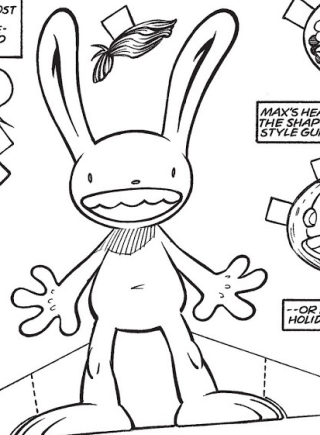
MAX'S BLOOD-CAKED SMOCK



I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THAT!

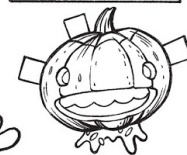


BLOOD-CAKED BERET



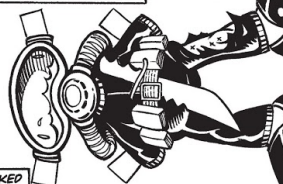
CRUDE METHOD OF CONCEALING MAX'S IDENTITY IN HIS SERIES OF POORLY-FOCUSED 5" T&E FILMS.

MAX'S HEAD IS NOT UNLIKE THE SHAPE OF AN OLD-STYLE GUM MACHINE--



--OR FESTIVE HOLIDAY GOURD.

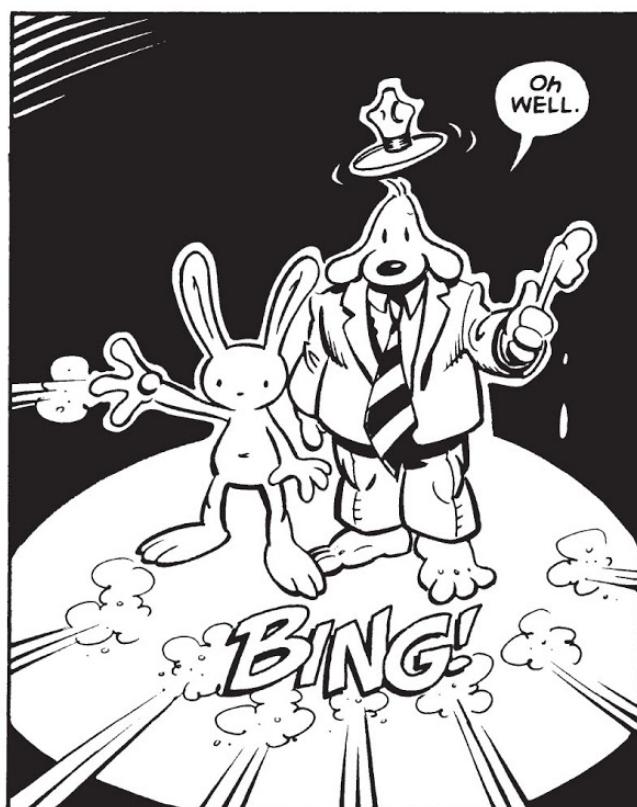
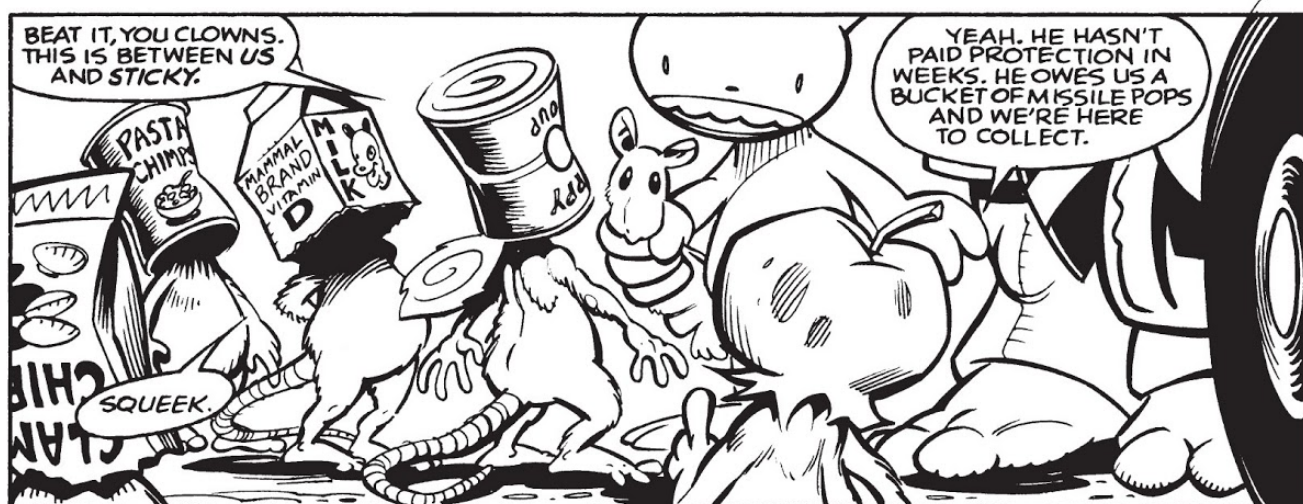
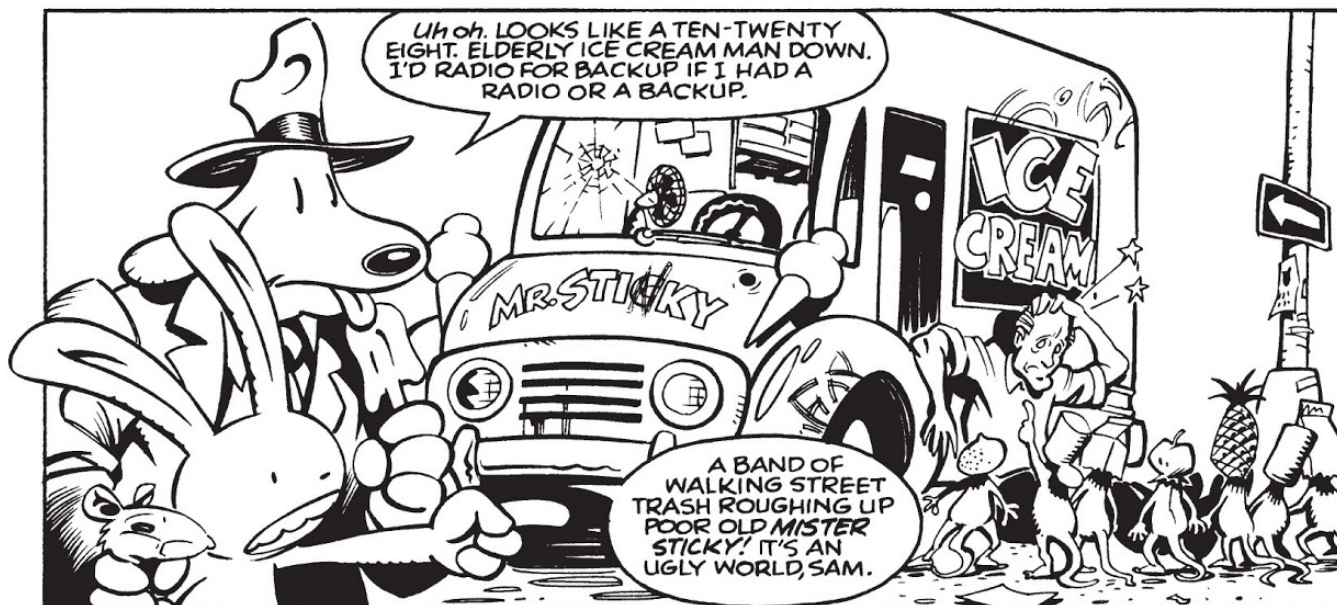
SCUBA OUTFIT: FOR CLIMACTIC UNDERWATER FIGHT SCENES OR EXPLORING THE FANTASTIC WORLD OF THE NEW YORK SEWER SYSTEM.

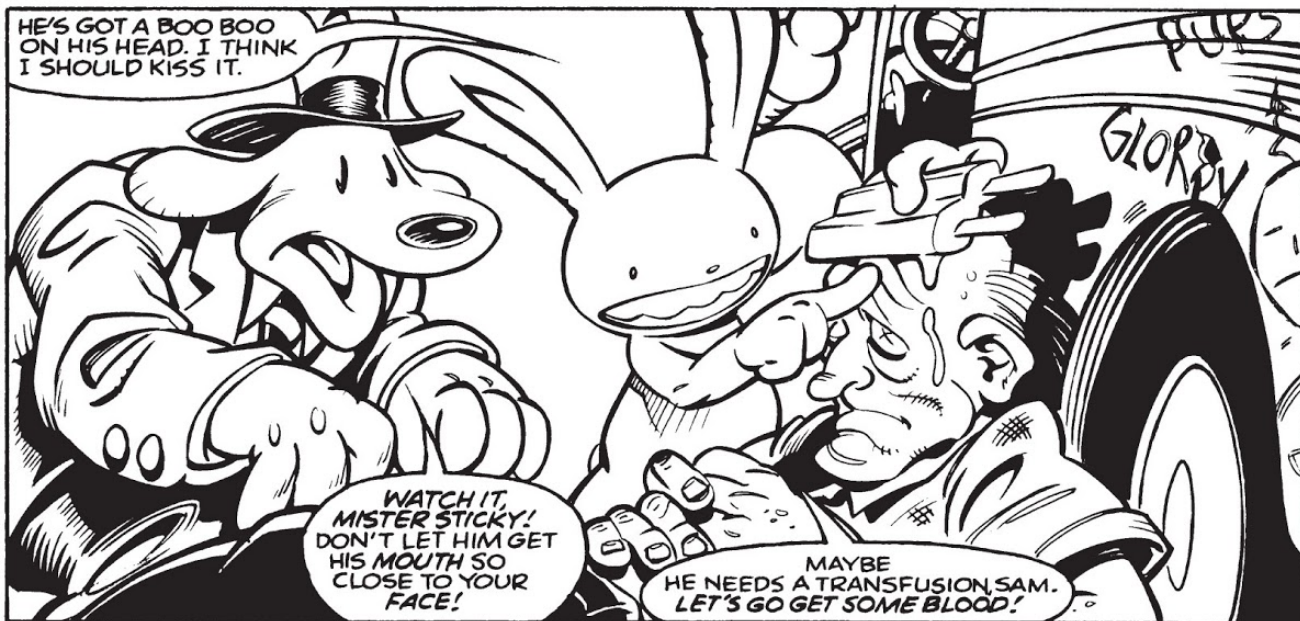


FLUSH ME!

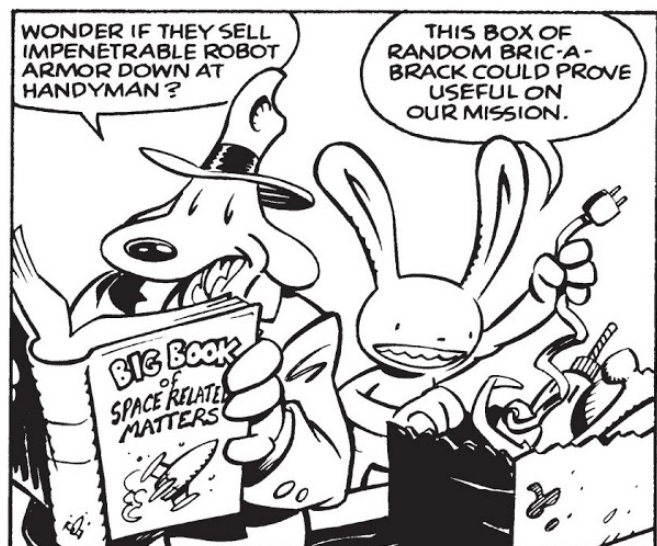


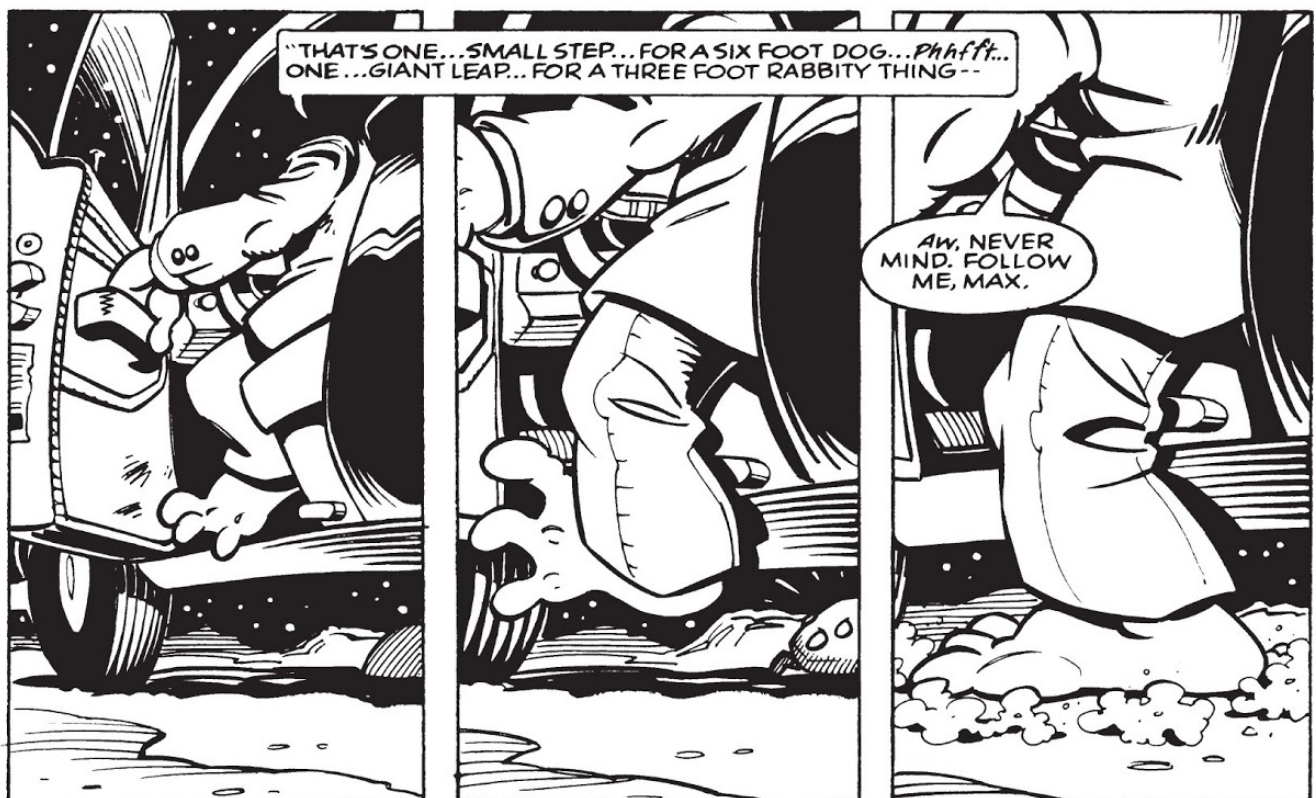




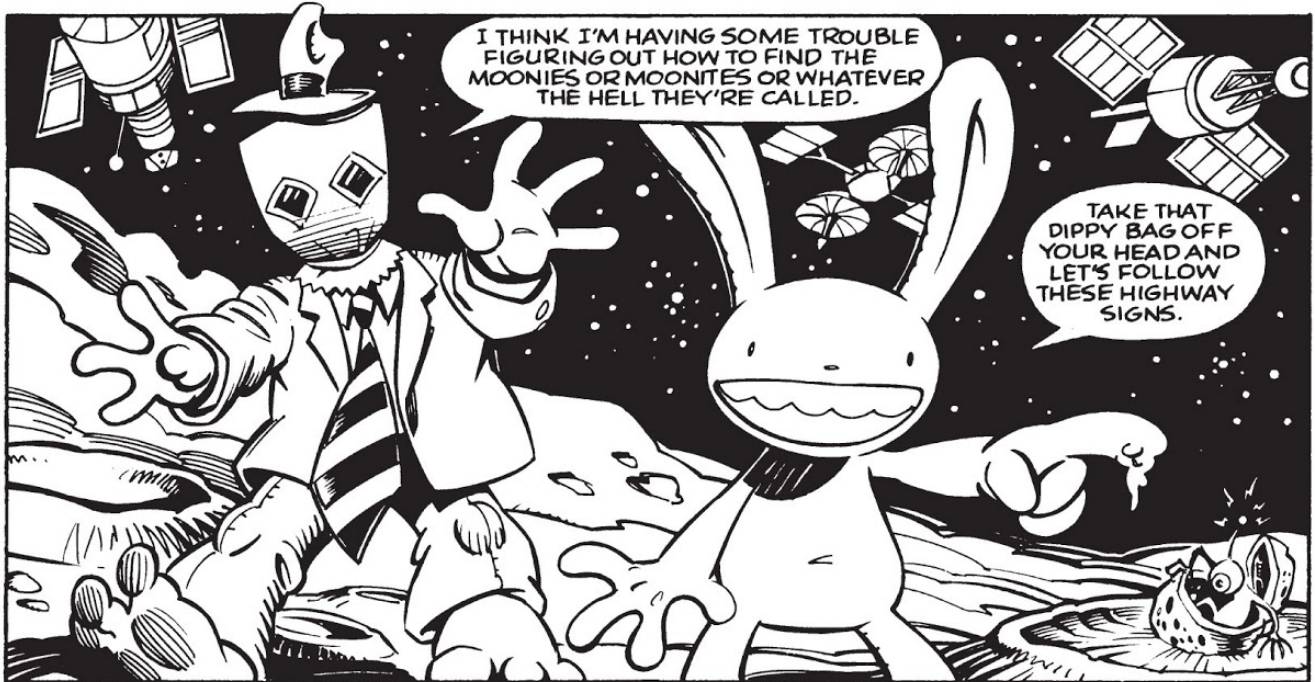


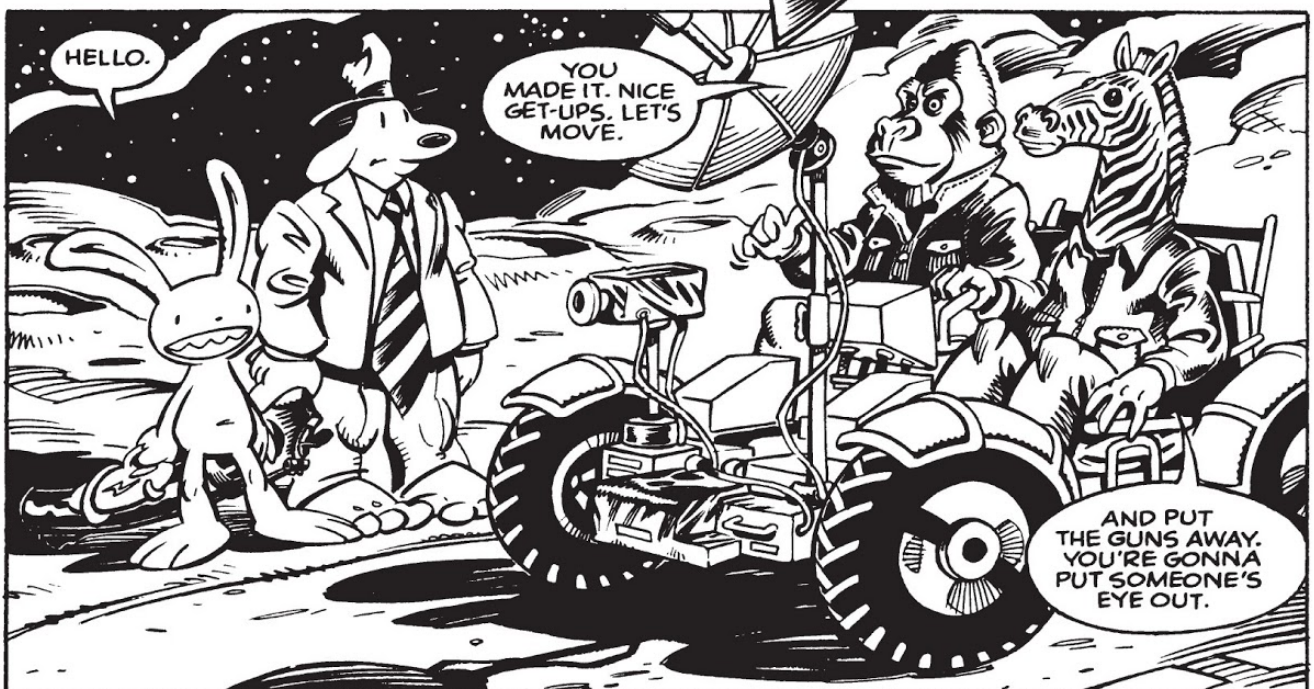


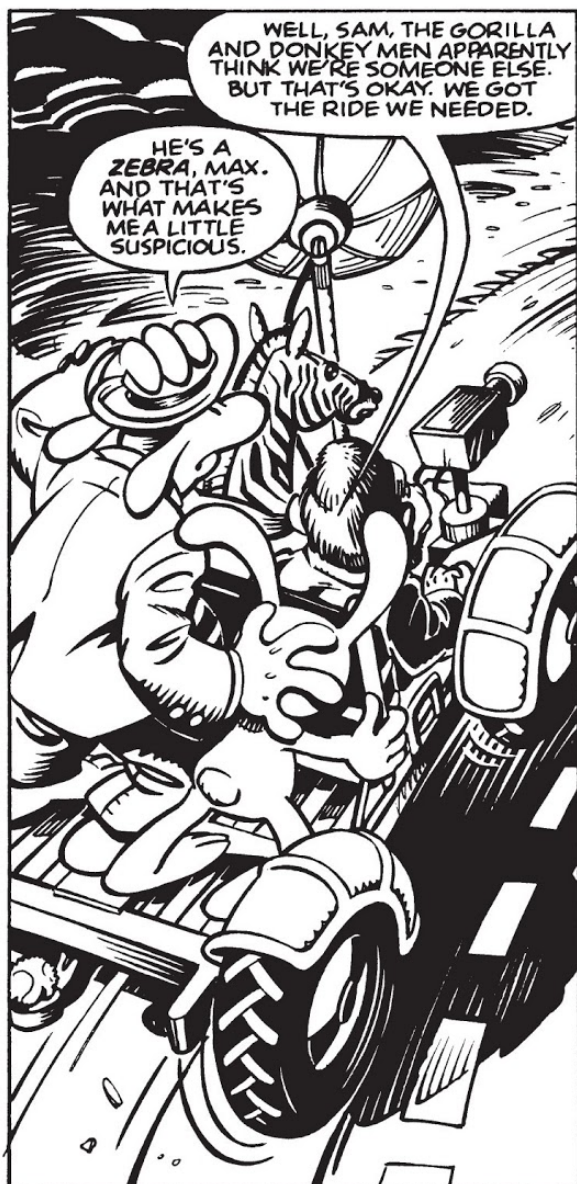








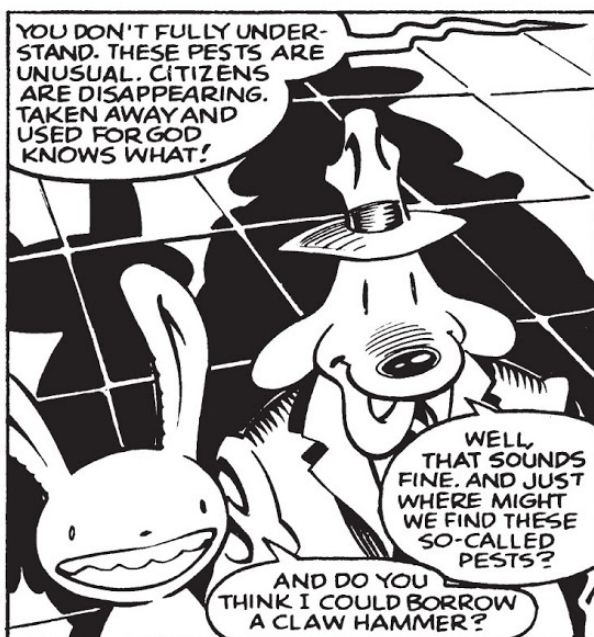
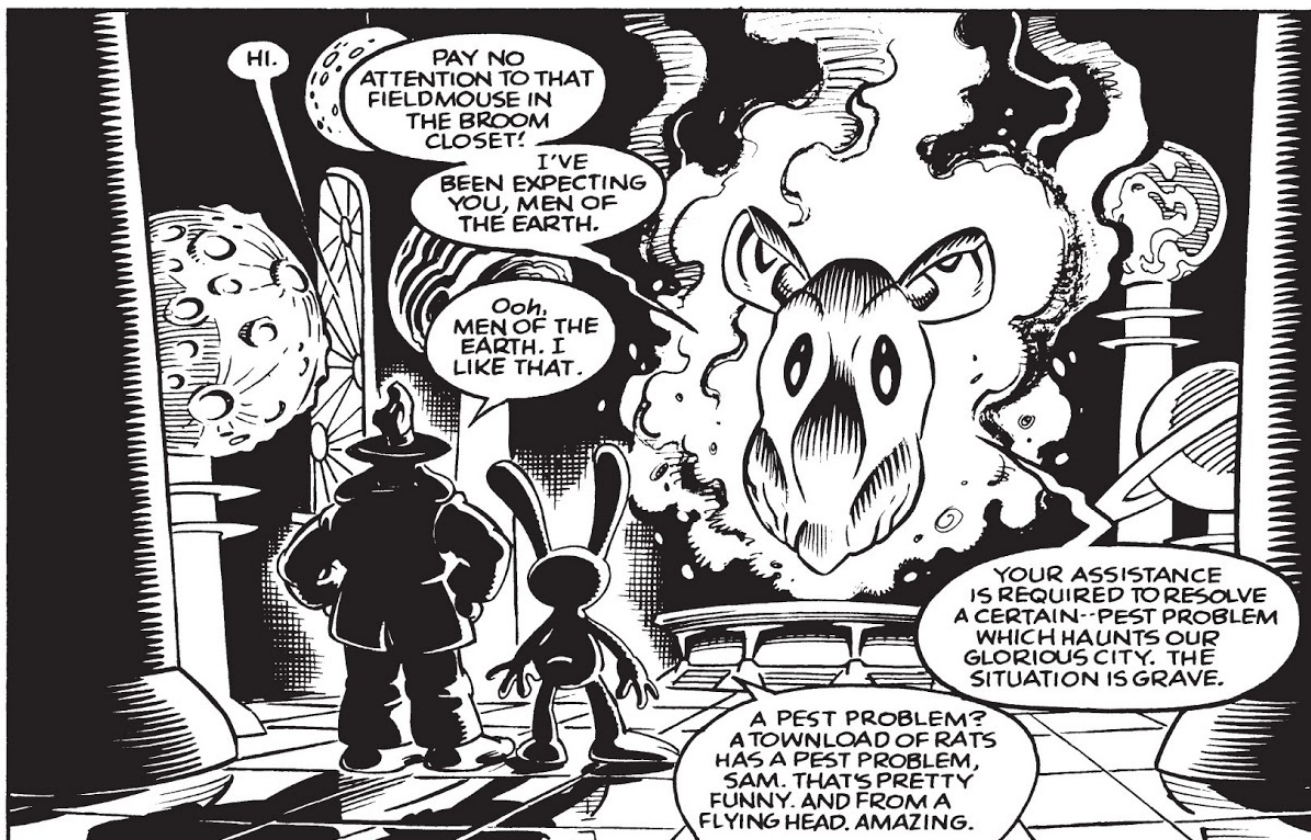


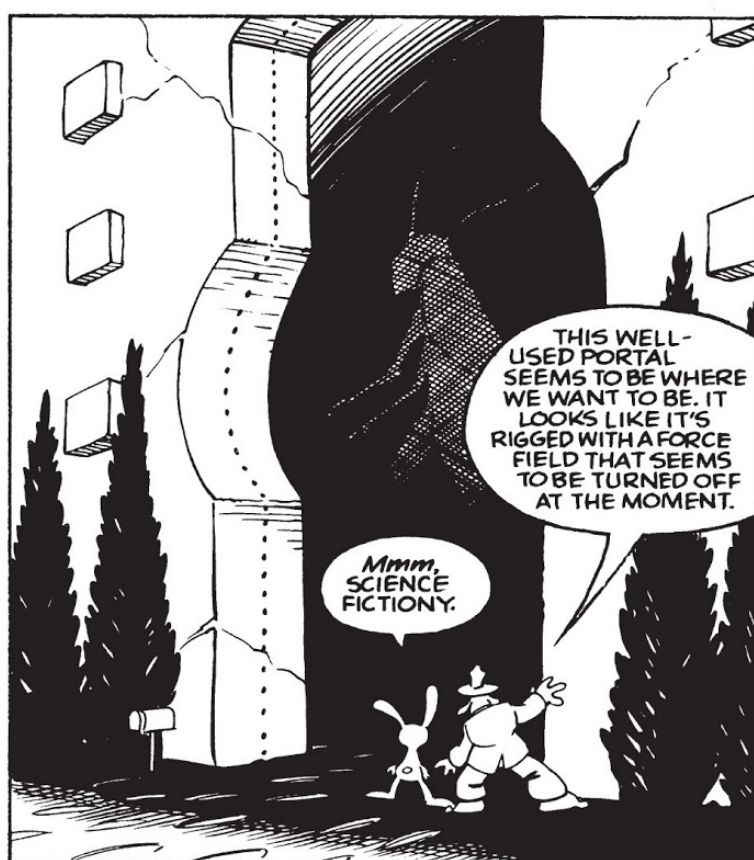
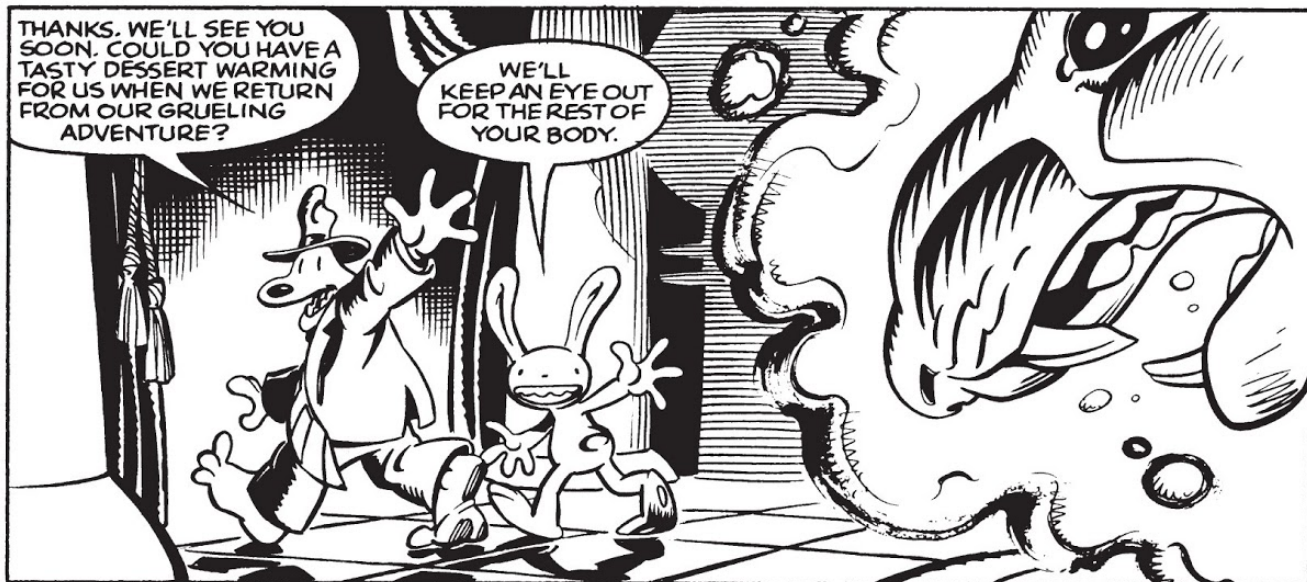










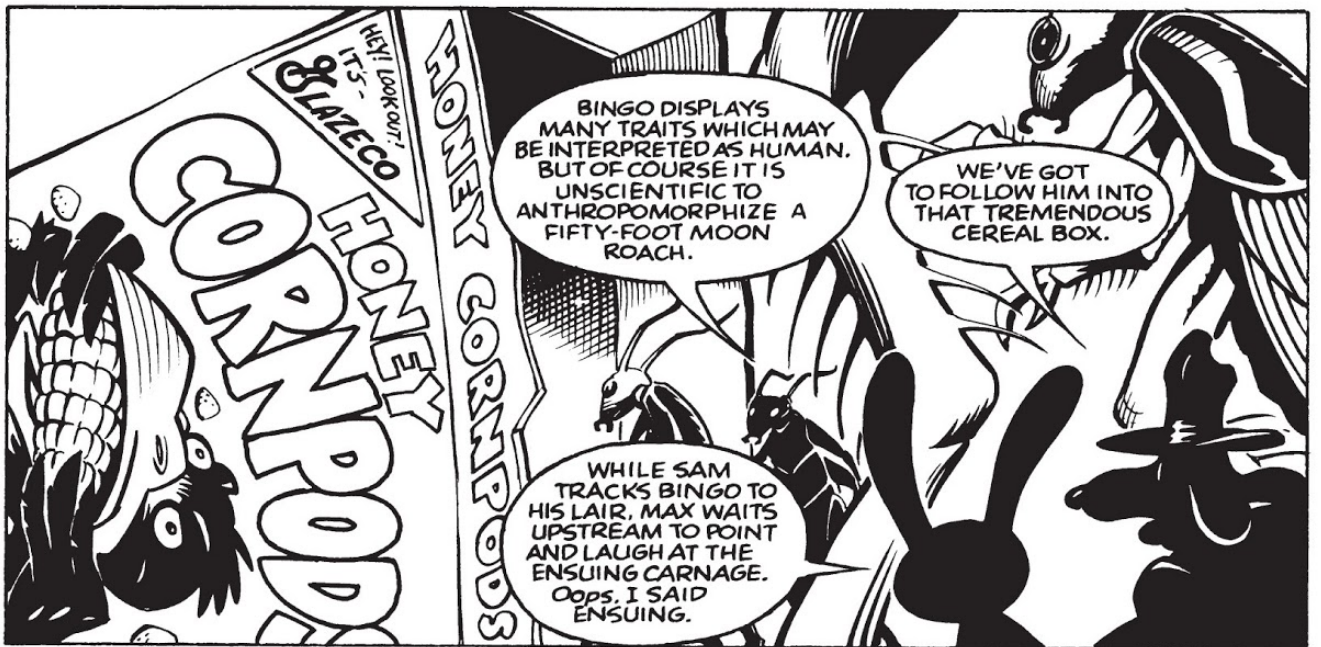




IT MAKES
ME FEEL SO...SO...
INSIGNIFICANT.

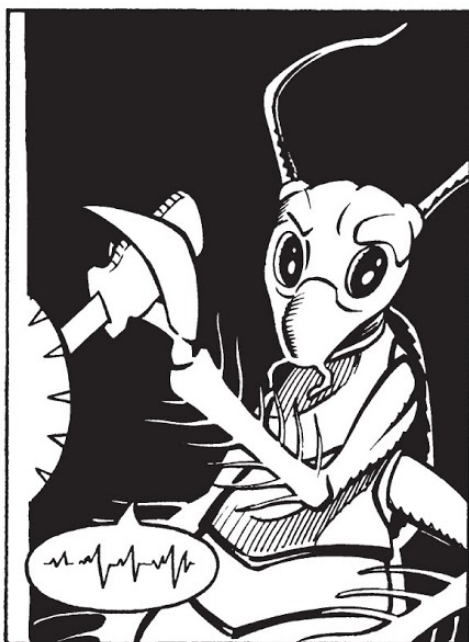
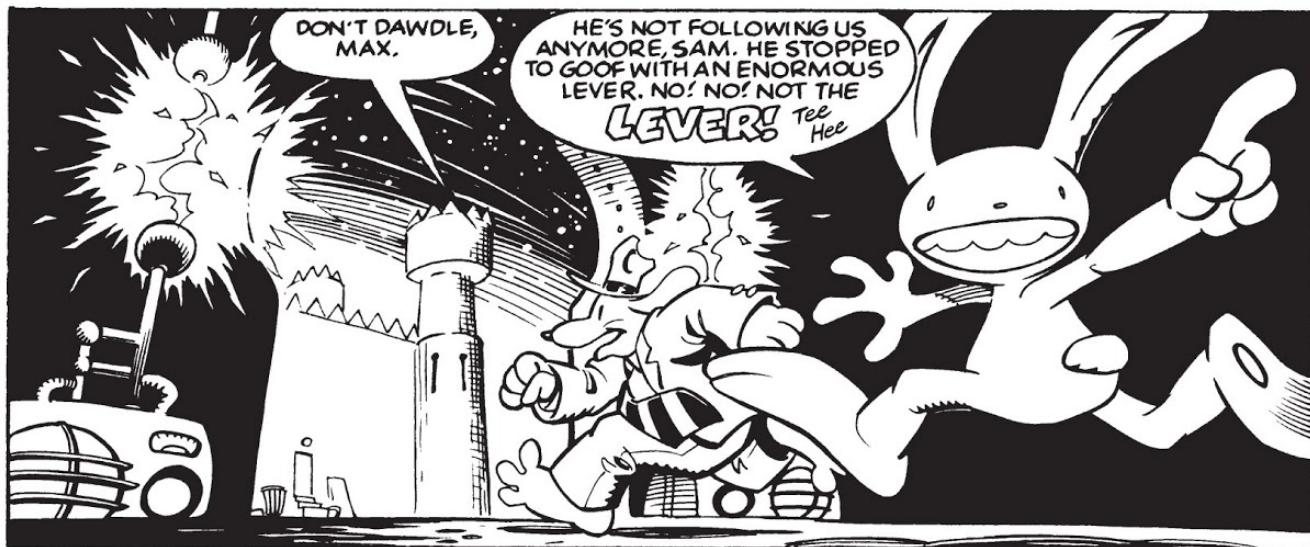
I ALWAYS
FEEL THAT WAY
ABOUT YOU,
SAM.

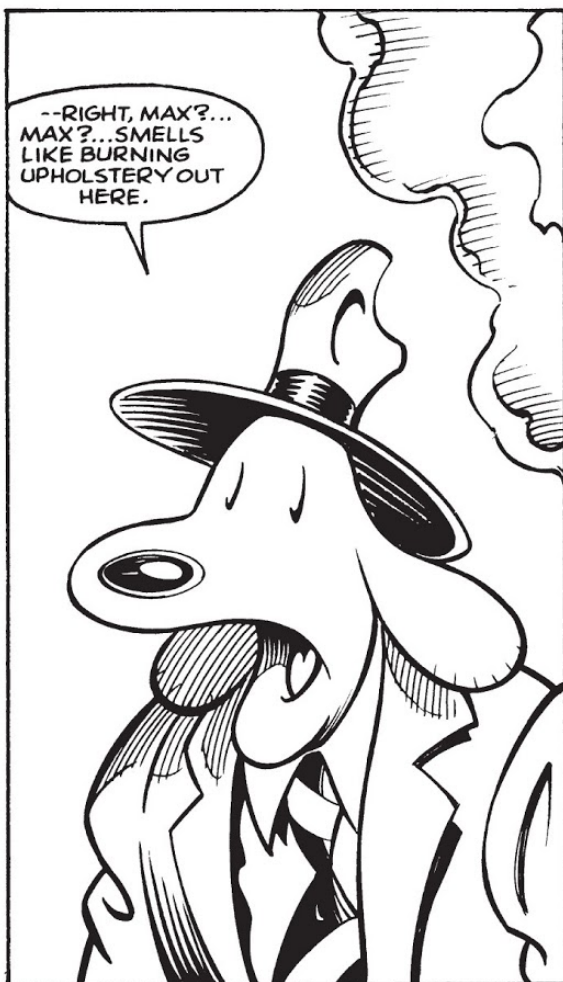
WE'VE GOT TO FIND
OUT WHAT THEY'RE DOING
WITH THOSE POOR FUZZY LITTLE RAT
PEOPLE THEY'VE BEEN HARVESTING.















Oh, one more thing. It's hard to relate to a creature without a face. That's why Plankton make terrible cartoon characters.



That seems to help, Sam. But I'm becoming wistful.

I guess I'm starting to miss most of my major organs. Except for my pancreas. That thing never did me a damn bit of good.



I think you're vastly underrating the function of the pancreas, Max. But more on that, later.

EXIT

Maybe the Mayor or whatever the hell he is can give us some helpful hints.



He's still here. But I guess he wouldn't be able to get far, not having a body and all. Oops, sorry, little buddy.

S'all right.



I never thought you'd return. Have you found a way to help us? And why are you carrying that smoldering dishrag around like a hand puppet?

HEY! HEY!

Something horrible happened out there, Chief. We were hoping you could help us out. Any ideas?

My Minister of Science will advise you. But that won't excuse you from your promise of aiding us with our roach problem.

FOLLOW ME.

I'm right on it! No kidding.



WE USE THIS DEVICE TO PRODUCE A RICH, DELICIOUS PEANUT BRITTLE FOR USE IN OUR SAVAGE, BACKWARD RITUALS. BUT IT MAY SERVE YOUR NEEDS.

I'M FEELING OPTIMISTIC.



IN YOU GO, LITTLE FELLA'. REMEMBER WHEN I USED TO BATHE YOU AS A BABY?

NO, SAM. YOU MUST BE THINKING OF THE TIMES WE MADE HOMEMADE DONUTS IN THE DEEP FRYER.

OH YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT.

YOU MUST NOW APPLY THE HELMET OF SUPPLICANCE.



HERE GOES. OW! FEELS LIKE THE CONVOLUTIONS OF MY BRAIN ARE BEING ANALYZED. I HATE THAT.



BRAIN CONVOLUTION ANALYZER

VERY TWISTY

COULD BE TWISTIER

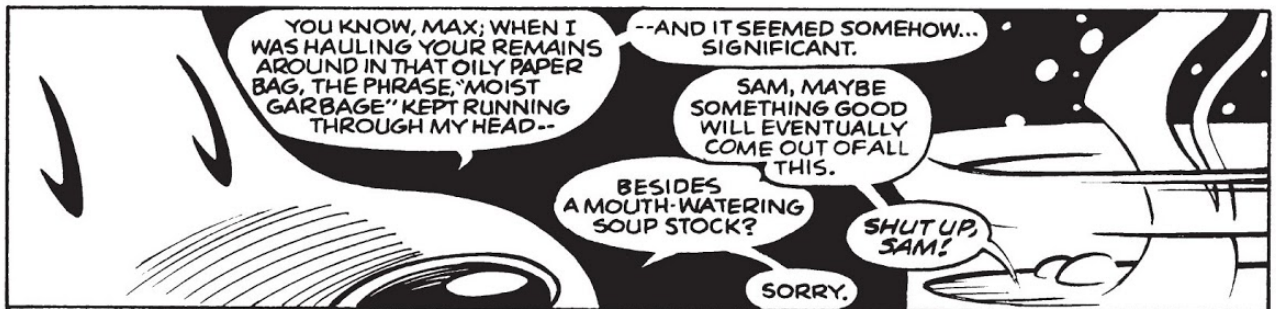
NOT SO TWISTY

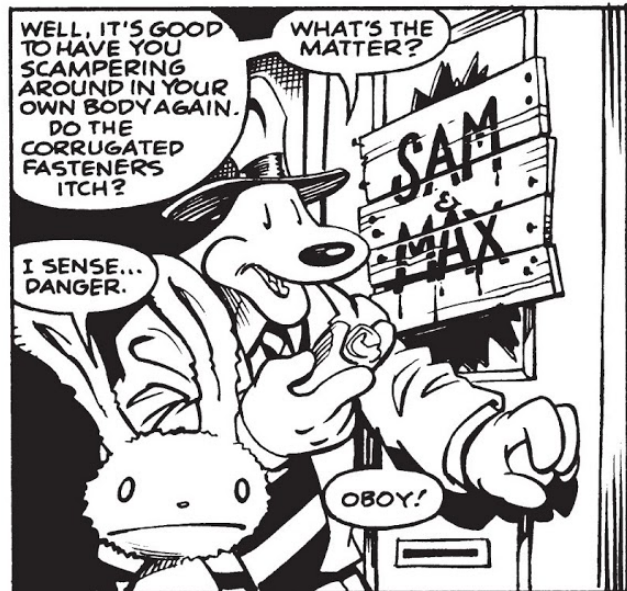
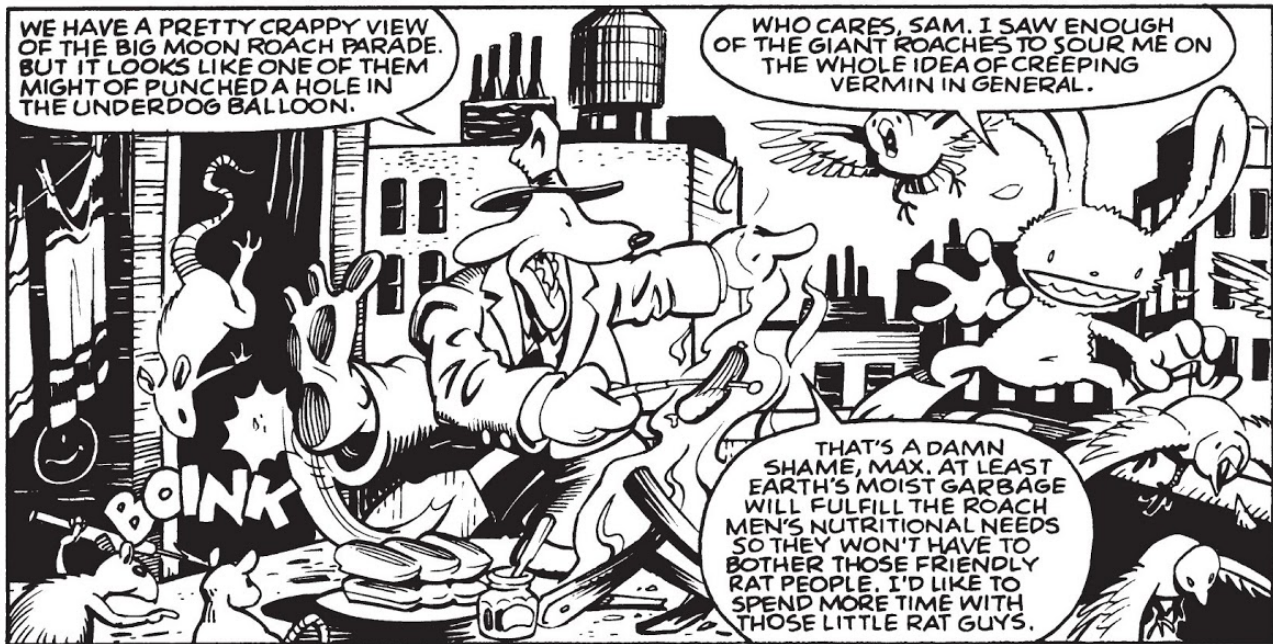
~ Sniff Sniff ~ YOU KNOW, A BIG POT OF HEARTY CHICKEN SOUP WOULD REALLY HIT THE SPOT ABOUT NOW.

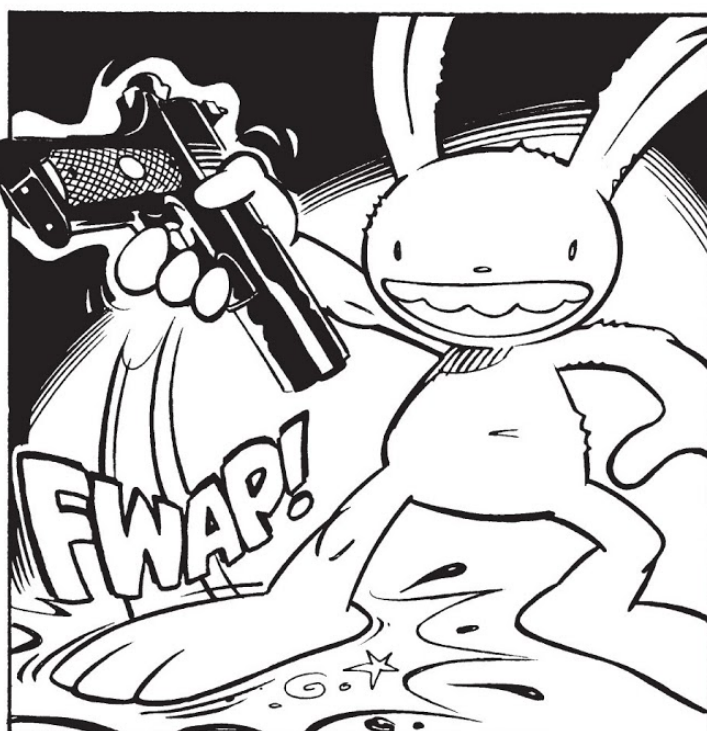
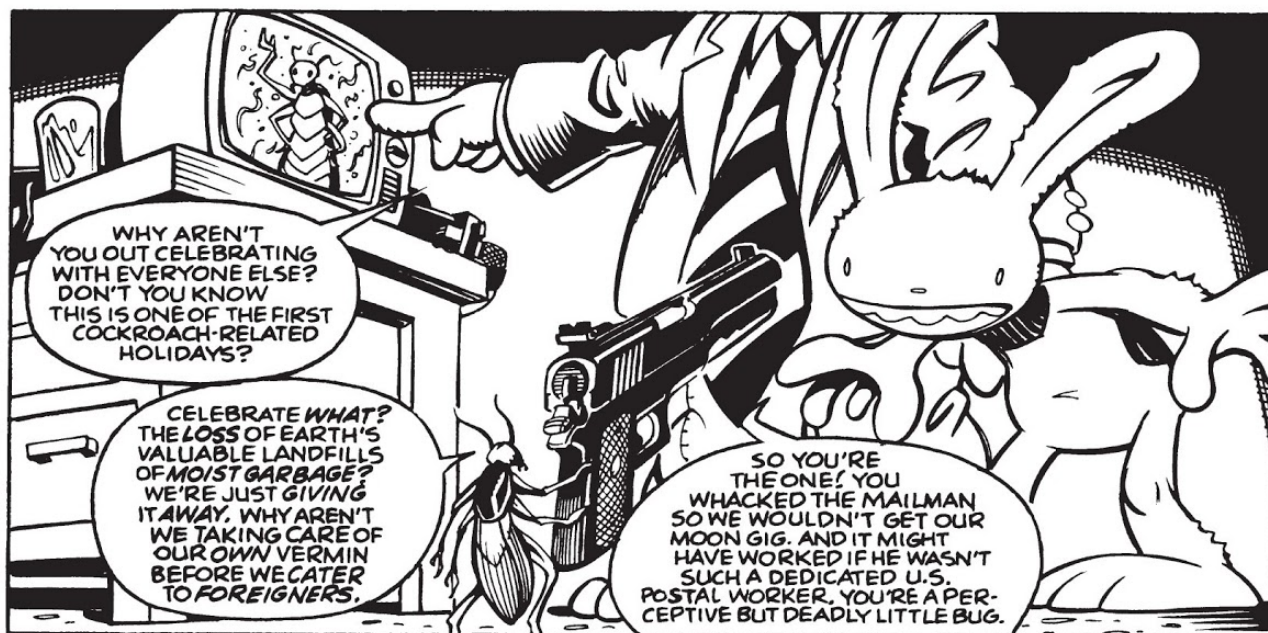
SHUT THE HELL UP, SAM! THAT'S NOT FUNNY.

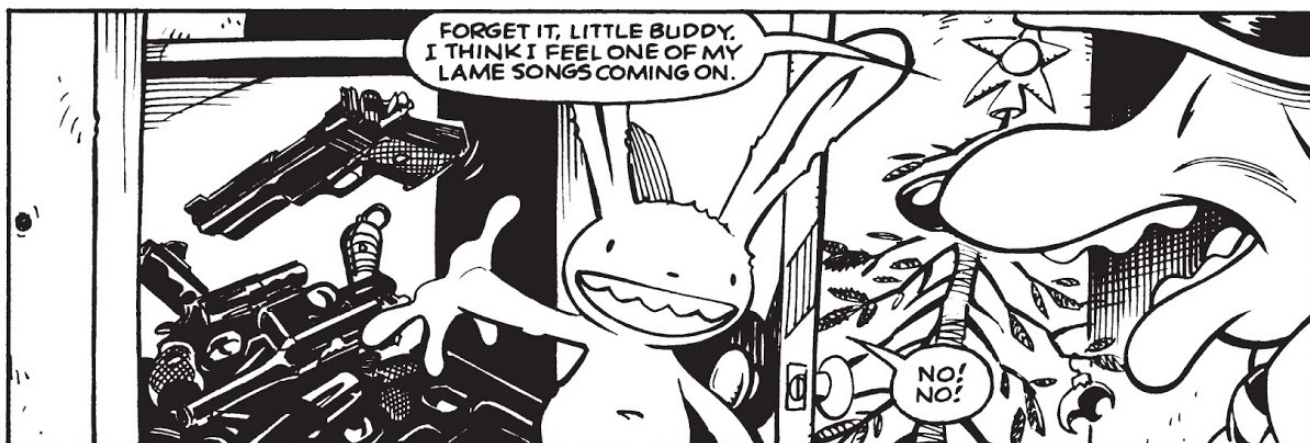
A FEW MORE MOMENTS AND I SHOULD BE ABLE TO ADJUST THE DNA LEVELS.

MAX DOESN'T HAVE DNA. I THINK HE'S CONSIDERED A MINERAL.



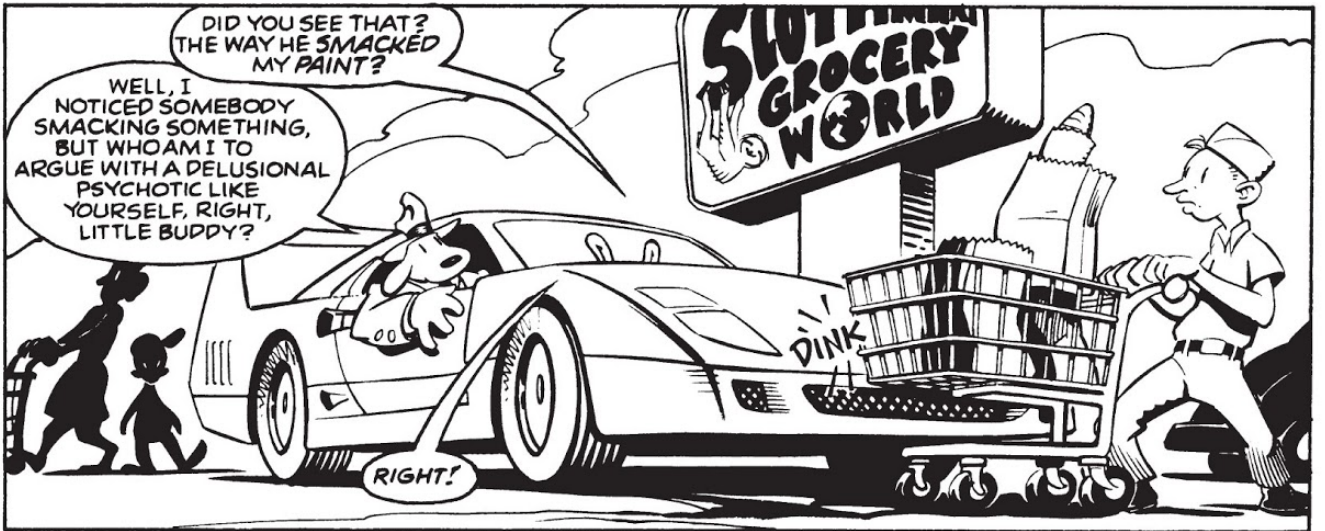


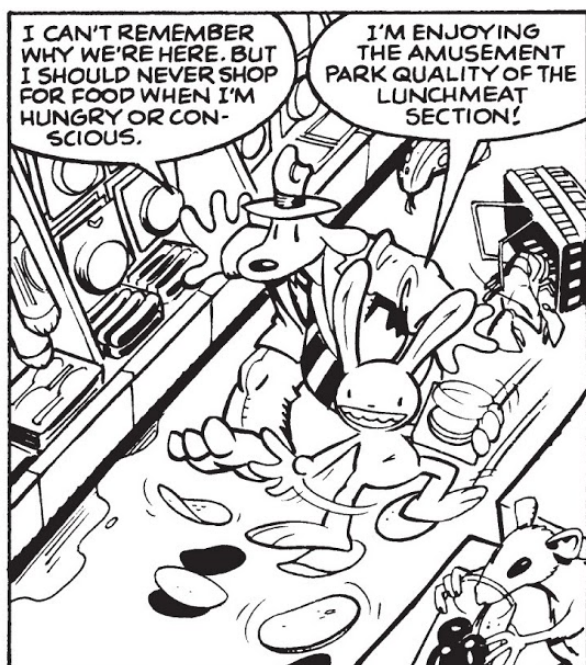
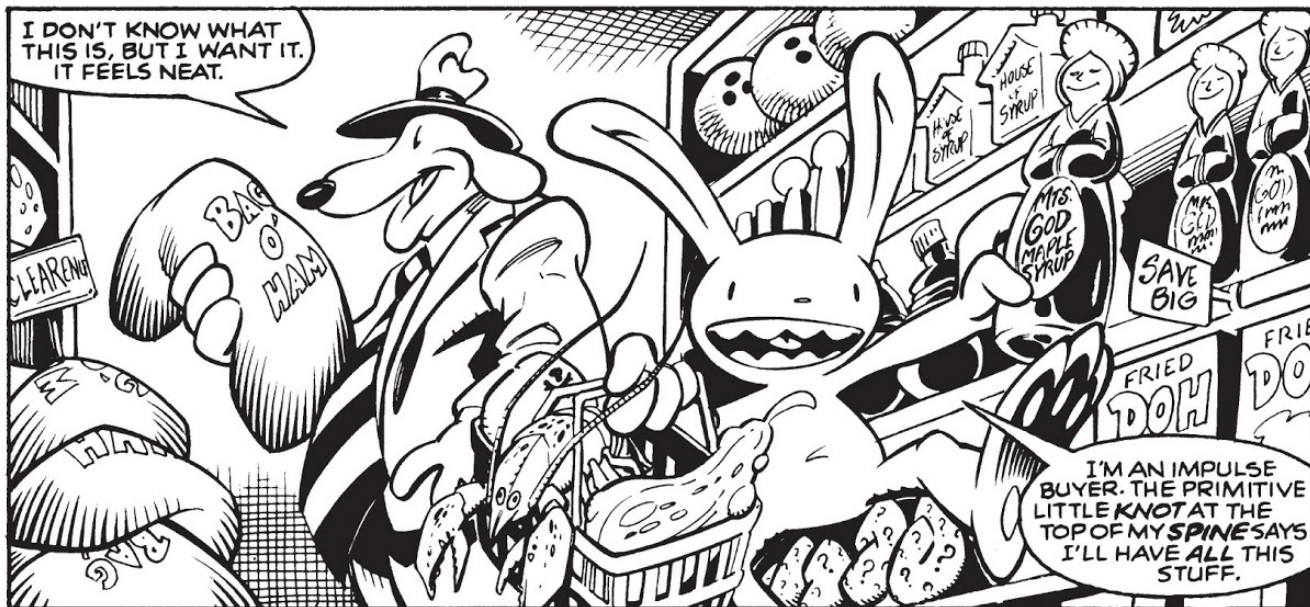


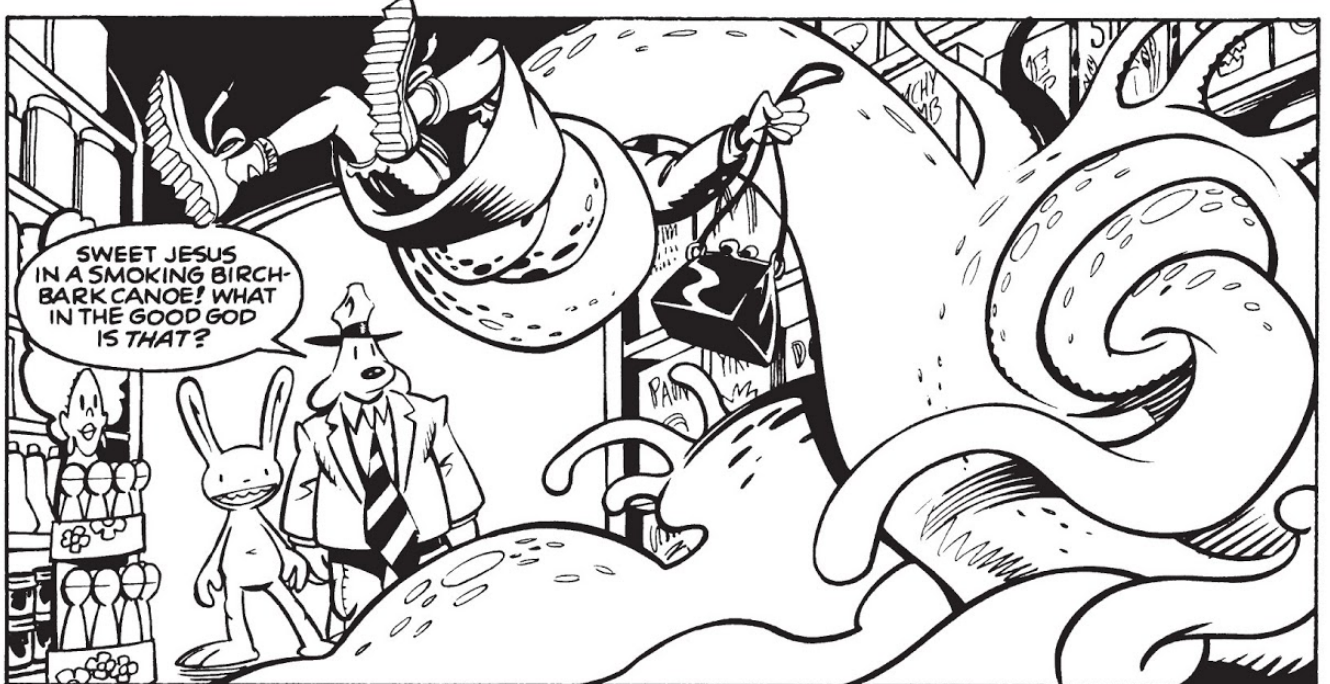
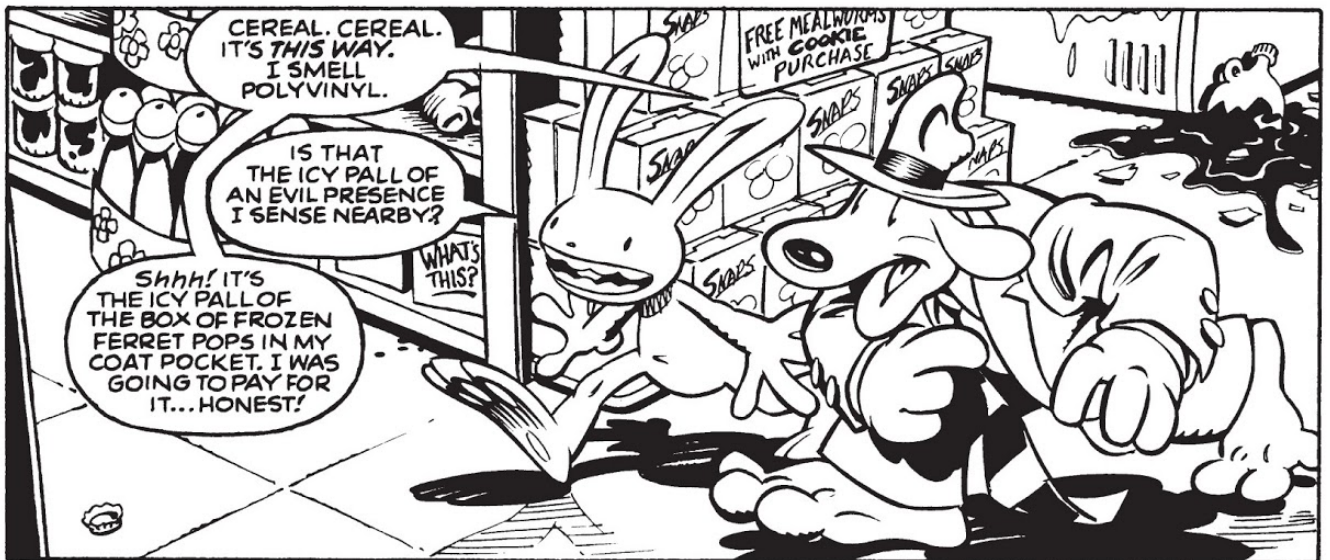








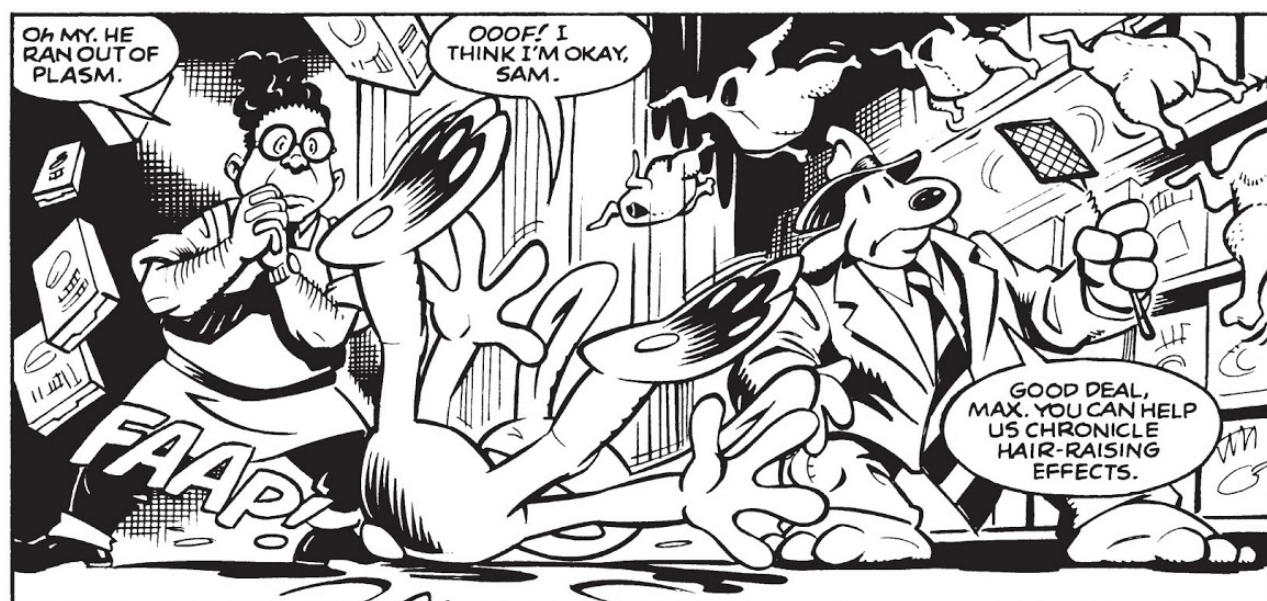


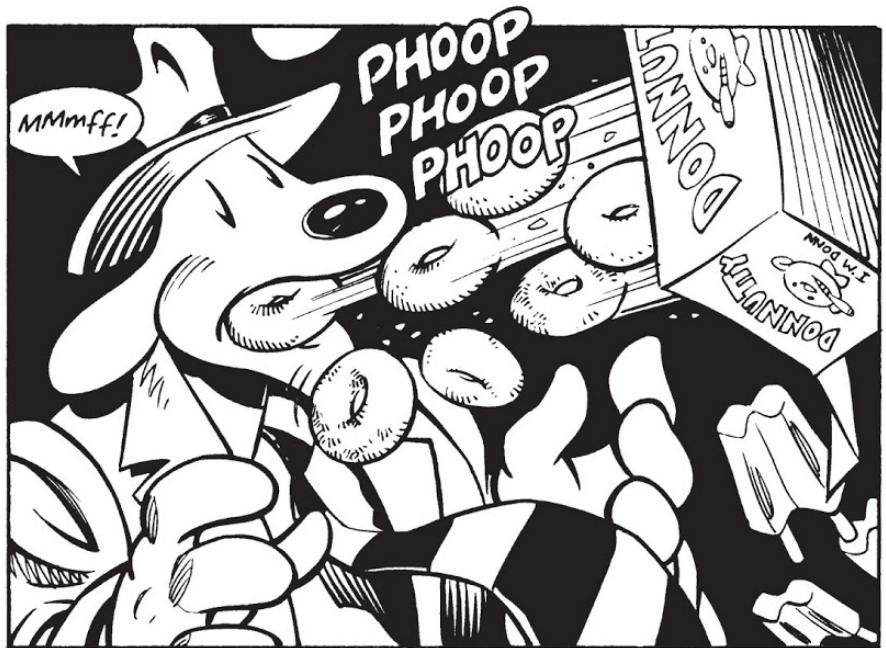


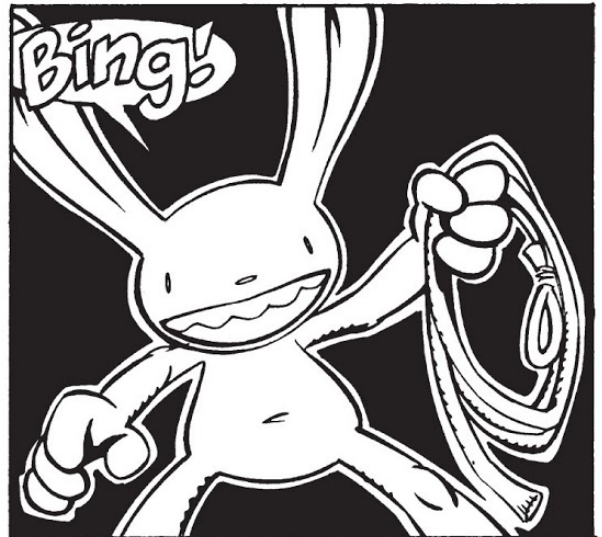






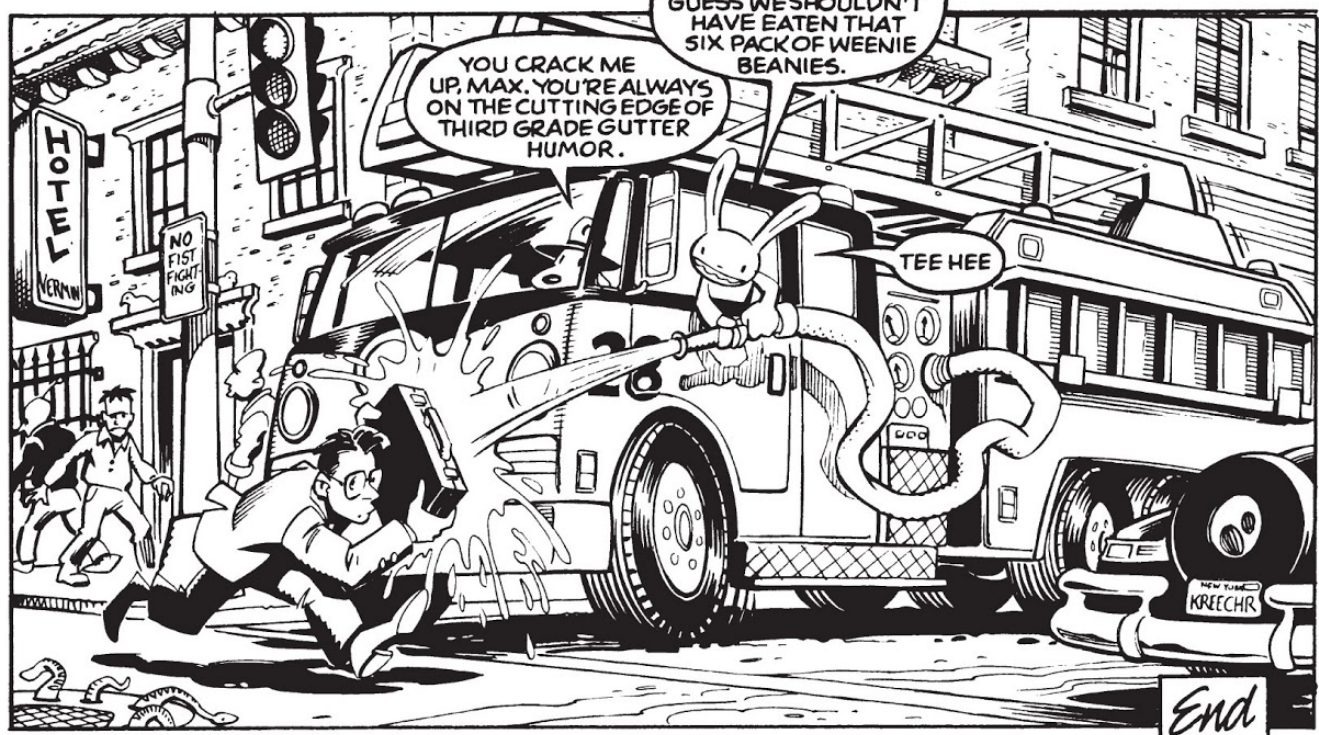


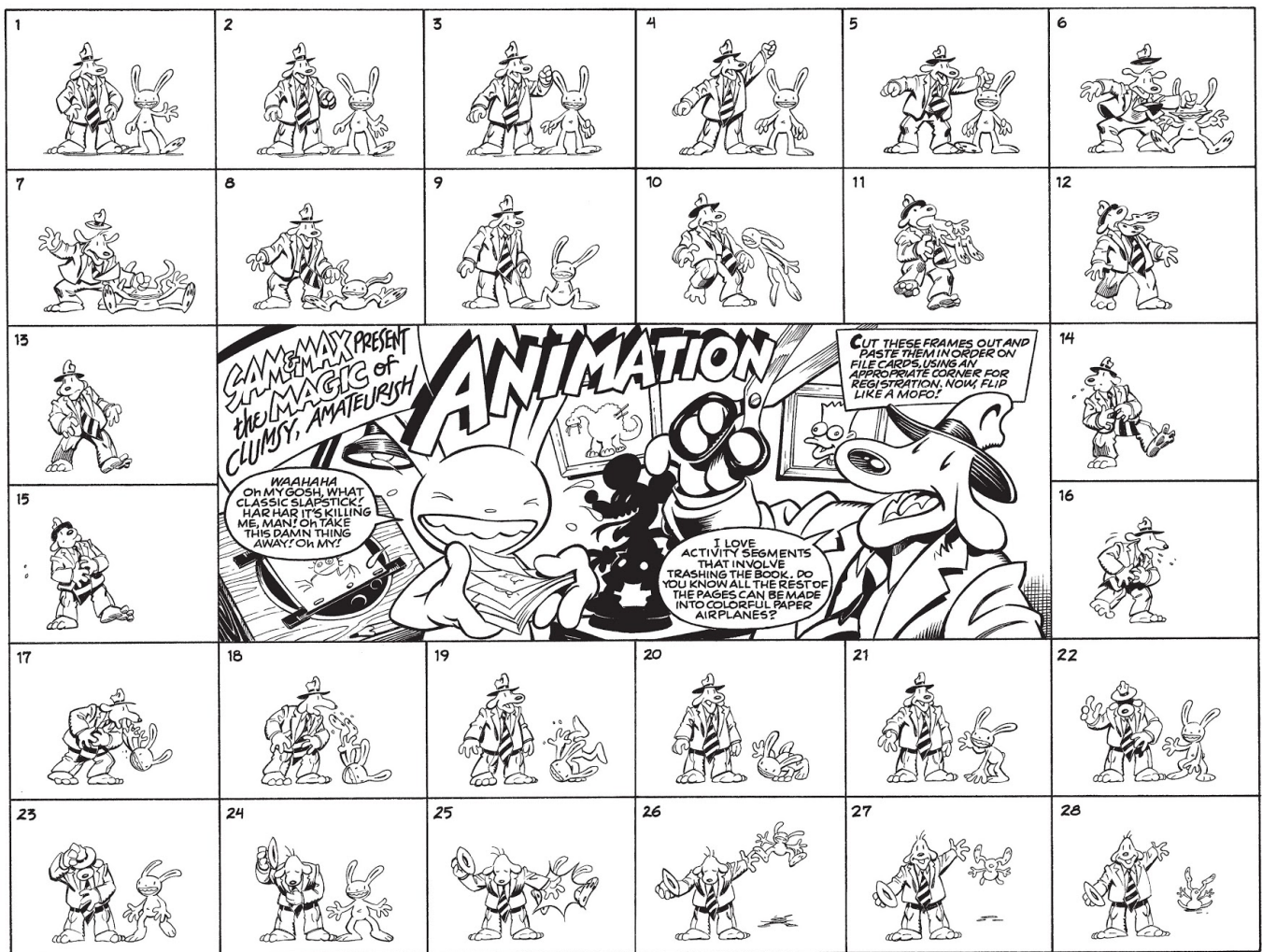








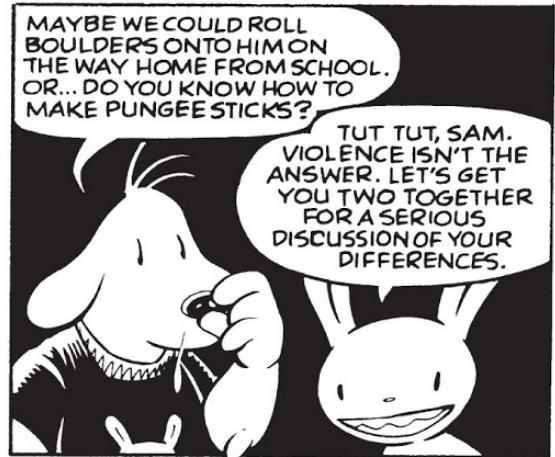






TERROR ON THE TANBARK

Starring
SAM & MAX
AS SOFT, MARKETABLE BABY VERSIONS OF THEMSELVES.



SAM & MAX DEEP DEEP THINKERS IN: PONDERINGS OF THE AGES

RIDDLES OF NATURE

I READ ABOUT THIS ONCE! WHAT'S MORE HORRIBLE THAN A CATFISH THAT CAN BREATHE AIR AND WALK THE EARTH ON ITS HIDEOUS LITTLE FINS?

I KNOW! AND I'LL BE ANSWERING IN THE FORM OF A TONGUE TWISTER--HOW 'BOUT SWAMP ROAD FISHGUTS SLICKS?

SWAP YEARBOOKS WITH SOMEONE ROUGHLY YOUR OWN AGE AND TAKE A LOOK--THEY'RE ALL THE SAME PEOPLE!

TRY THIS!

THE HAIR. I CAN'T STOP LOOKING AT THE HAIR.

WE HAD ONE OF THESE GUYS! BUT OURS WAS CALLED ROGER COLTON.

IF I THINK I'M INSANE, DOES THAT MEAN I'M NOT, BECAUSE A REALLY INSANE PERSON WOULDN'T KNOW THEY WERE?

NO-- YOU ARE!

HERE'S A THICKER VERSION OF DEBBIE BUTLER!

The Binnacle
GOOSE HIGH SCHOOL

SOMETHING TO BUG THE LADIES

YOU KNOW, MAX, AS MEN, WE WILL PROBABLY NEVER FULLY APPRECIATE THE HUMAN BIRTH PROCESS.

RIGHT, SAM. GUYS REGARD IT AS SOMETHING OF AN ATROCITY OF NATURE!

THAT PRECIOUS LITTLE CRITTER WE BUY SQUEEZY TOYS FOR BASICALLY STARTS OUT AS A PARASITE!

I'M A PARASITE! I'M A PARASITE!

IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR HARE TURN WHITE! GET IT? BAH HAH HAAA!

IDIOT.

END

WHEREVER THERE'S A NECKLESS
GOON BEATING UP A GUY -

WHEREVER AN INBRED STREET
GANG IS TORCHING A HELPLESS
BUM -

WHEREVER INNOCENT CREATURES
ARE TERRORIZED BY THE
HATEFUL AND IGNORANT -

WE'LL BE THERE!
SEVERELY DISAPPROVING.
RIGHT MAX?!.....
....MAX?....



SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE

COMING
SOON
FROM:



©'87 STEVE PURCELL.

SAM & MAX
FOR THE
NATIONAL
RIFLE AND
ARTILLERY
ASSOCIATION

MAX AND I
WOULDN'T WANT
EVERY GIBBERING
LUNATIC CARRYING
THESE THINGS
AROUND...

...BUT WE DON'T
WANT SOME CHEEZE
FILLED BUREAUCRAT
TAKING AWAY OUR
SOMETHING OR OTHER
AMENDMENT RIGHT
TO KEEP AND BEAR
HARPOON GUNS AND
CONCUSSION BOMB
LAUNCHERS-RIGHT
MAX?

LET ME PUT IT
THIS WAY SAM- IF
YOU MET A NINE FOOT
HUMANOID WITH A RUSTY
MEAT AXE STANDING
IN YOUR FOYER, WOULD YOU
RATHER BE HOLDING A
BUSTED BALL BAT
OR ONE OF
THESE?!

WHAT
THE HELL'S
A FOYER?

SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE

▷ COMING SOON ◁
FROM
FISHWRAP



MAX, THAT BATHING SUIT YOU'RE WEARING MAKES MY FLESH CRAWL! AND WHERE DID YOU GET SUNGLASSES TO FIT YOUR BIZARRELY SPACED EYEBALLS?

DARYL HANNAH SAYS I'M A TOTALLY HELATIOUS BABE, SAM! SO MIND YOUR OWN DAMN BUSINESS!

YOU CRACK ME UP, LITTLE PAL!



CRIME IS A DISEASE

AND WE'RE A PINK,
CHALKY-TASTING
MEDICINE!
RIGHT MAX?

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT!



© 1987 STEVE PURCELL

SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE

**COMING
IN
AUGUST
FROM:**





SPRUE 1/2000 © 87

SAM & MAX

FREELANCE POLICE

• SPECIAL ROAD TRIP EDITION •





SAM & MAX ON THE ROAD



BUCKLE UP!





"ACTION FIGURE SURGERY"

by STEVE PURCELL

LETTERED BY LOIS BUHALIS

BASED ON A SHOCKING REPPRESSED MEMORY FROM SCOTT RUSSELL!

THIS BOX OF MISTREATED PLAY-THINGS SHOULD PROVIDE THE RAW INGREDIENTS.

SOUNDS DELICIOUS, BUT WHERE'S SUPERFLY?

AS LONG AS WE HAVE OPPOSABLE THUMBS AND A CHIMP-LIKE IMPULSE TO WRECK STUFF, SUPERFLY IS A DREAM THAT CAN COME TRUE!

THE SHORT ANSWER--? 'CAUSE HE'S INCREDIBLY LAME! BUT DON'T LET THAT DASH YOUR FLUFFY LITTLE HOPES, MAX.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE SHORT-SIGHTED TOY COMPANIES?! WHY DON'T THEY MAKE AN ACTION FIGURE OF MY FAVORITE GRIM, VIGILANTE HERO, SUPERFLY?!

TELL ME MORE!

NOW, THAT'S ONE BIG, BEAUTIFUL, HAND-FULL-O' TOYS!

I MAY WEEPOPENLY. GIMME! GIMME!

A LITTLE MODEL GLUE... AN OLD SET OF MANDIBLES FROM ANT PUNK... SOME HIGHLY TOXIC, RADIOACTIVE LEAD-BASED INDUSTRIAL ENAMEL LEFT OVER FROM THE SPACE PROGRAM...

SORRY, MAX. IT APPEARS I'VE GLUED ALL MY DIGITS TOGETHER. OH, WELL, AT LEAST IT'S IN IN TIME FOR SOFTBALL SEASON.

LIIIVE! LIIIVE!!

SAM, WOULD YOU HELP ME BUILD DARKSKULL, SUPERFLY'S BONEHEADED NEMESIS?

SUPERFLY IS MINE AT LAST! TO PLAY WITH AND TREASURE AND WAIL ON WITH A PIPE WRENCH ONCE THE INITIAL NOVELTY WEARS OFF! YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND, SAM!

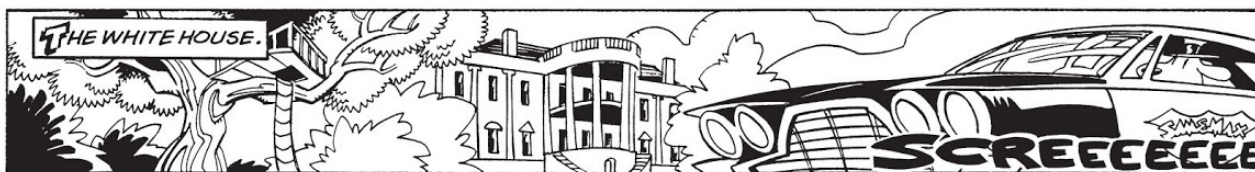
GEE, SAM. I GUESS THAT MAKES YOU THE BONEHEAD!

JUST DON'T CHOKO ON HIM.

COME CLOSER SO I CAN SWAT YOU WITH THESE THINGS.

The End





SAM & MAX

SKEPTICAL INVESTIGATORS

TM & © 1998 BY

LETTERED BY LOIS BUHALIS

WE'RE BACK WITH
OUR FIRST GUEST--A THICK-
MINDED "ABDUCTEE" WHO CLAIMS
SHE ACTUALLY POPPED-OUT
A HYBRID ALIEN CHILD!
Pfffffft!

HE HAD BIG,
BLACK EYES LIKE A
COCKERSPIEL...AND
PASTY, GREY SKIN...LIKE
THE CLERKS AT
THE R.M.V.

PERSONALLY,
I THINK YOU'RE FULL
OF CRAP--

-- AND IF THE
AUDIENCE IS WITH ME,
I'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS
OPPORTUNITY TO REDUCE
YOU TO A DEFEATED,
BLUBBERING SHELL
OF YOURSELF.

BUT IT'S
TRUE!

COME OFF IT, TOOTS!
YOU'D HAVE US BELIEVE
YOU'VE BEEN GETTIN'-IT-ON
WITH SOME CLAMMY,
BUBBLE-HEADED ALIEN! WHICH
IS IT--DELUSIONAL PSYCHOSIS
OR JUST WISHFUL THINKING?!

THAT'S HIM! THAT'S
THE ONE!

00000000

LADY, I'M THIS CLOSE
TO POURING MY DRINK
ON YOU.

Oh, RIGHT. WHEN
YOU BACK THESE KOOKS
INTO A CORNER, THEY
ALWAYS RESORT TO
OUTLANDISH
THEATRICALS.

SHOULD
I CALL
SOMEBODY?

Oh, YOU'RE
GOOD. YOU'RE
REAL GOOD.

Aw, THAT'S CUTE.
GO ON--SPLIT IN HALF
AND LET THE LOCUSTS
FLY OUT. VERY
IMPRESSIVE. VERY
WHIMSICAL.

IS
ANYONE
ACTUALLY
BUYING
THIS
LOAD?

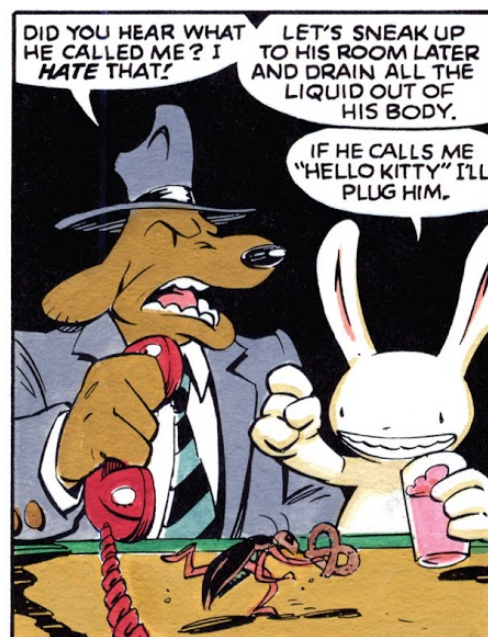
ANOTHER SORRY-ASS
PARANORMAL CLAIM
PUMMELED SILLY BY THE
BODY BLOWS OF REASON.
RIGHT, MAX?

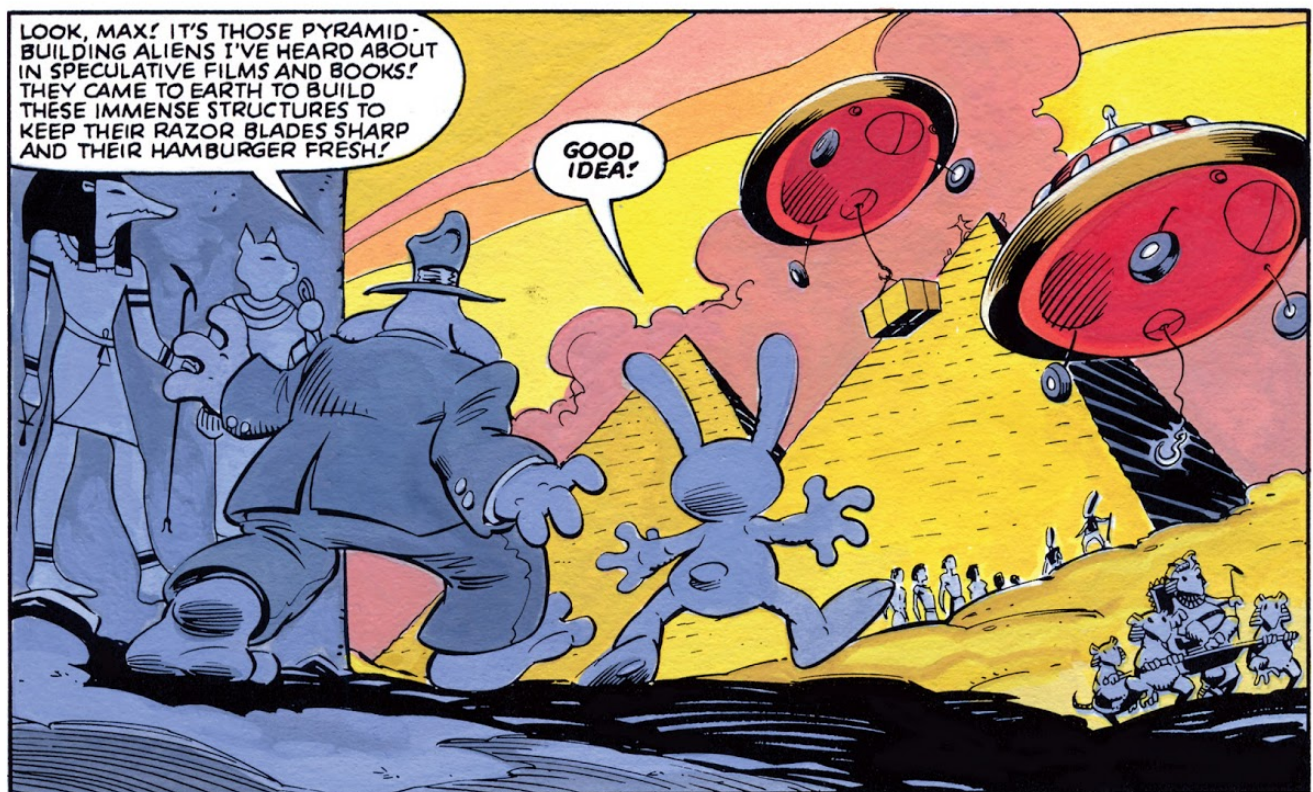
SAM, DID
YOU ACTUALLY
SAY, "GETTIN'-
IT-ON"?

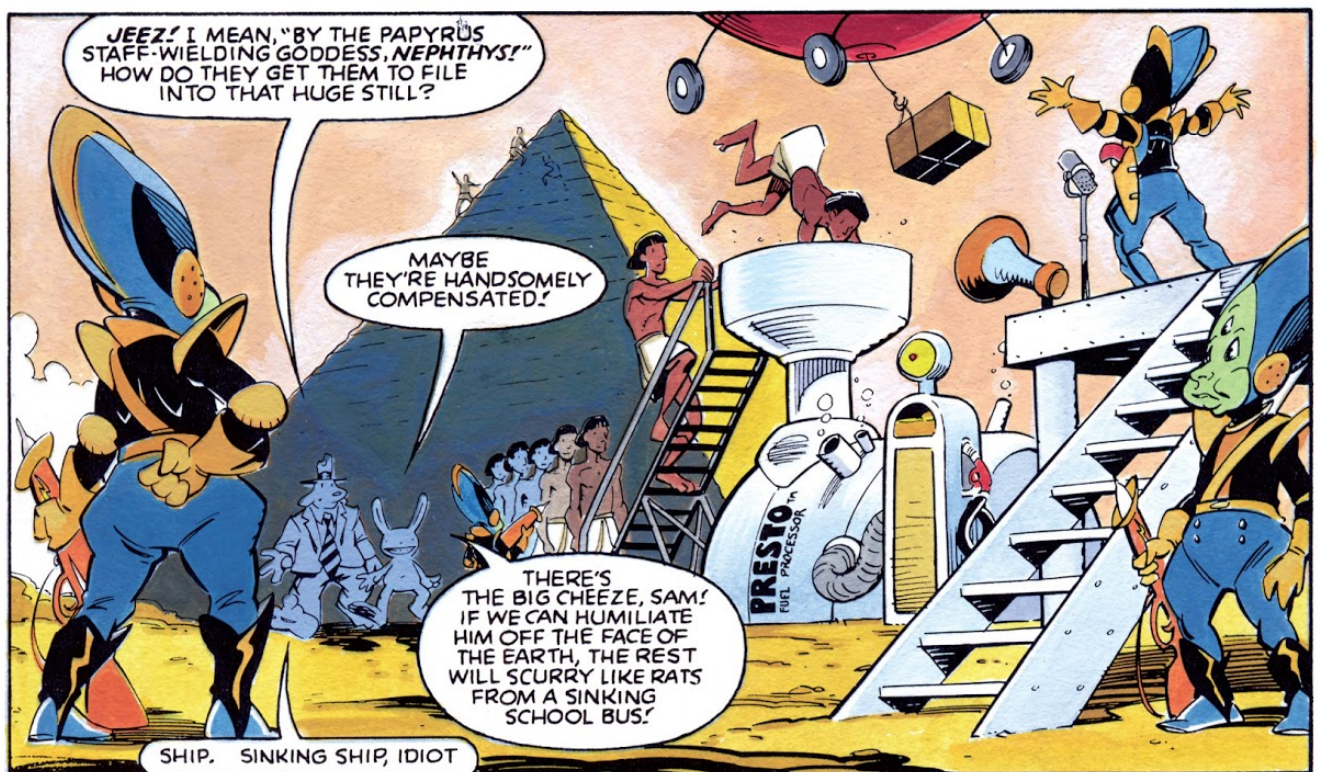
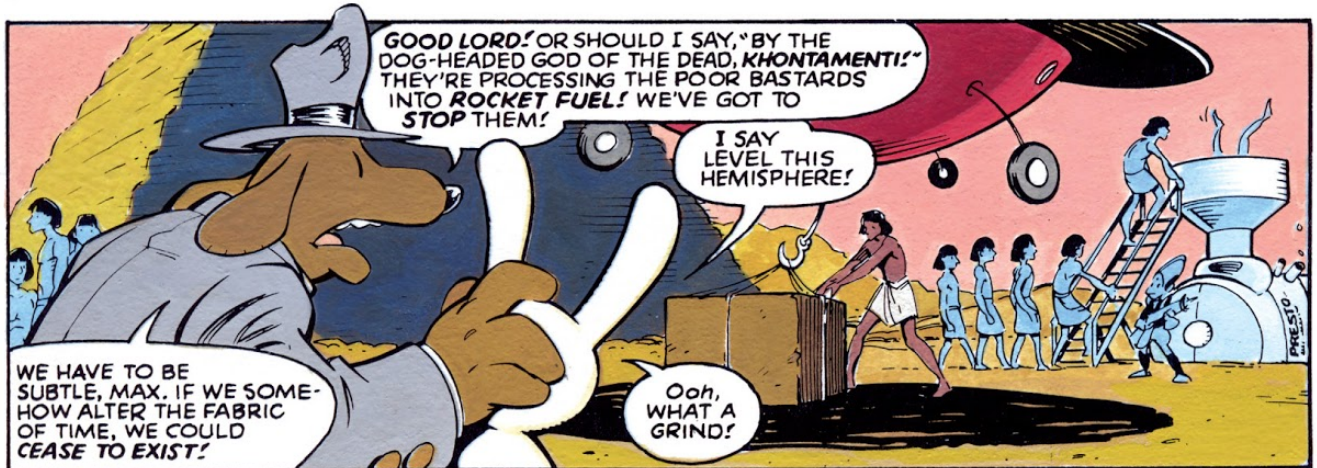
NEXT WEEK--
GUSHING STIGMATICS!
THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOD
FOR A HOOT!

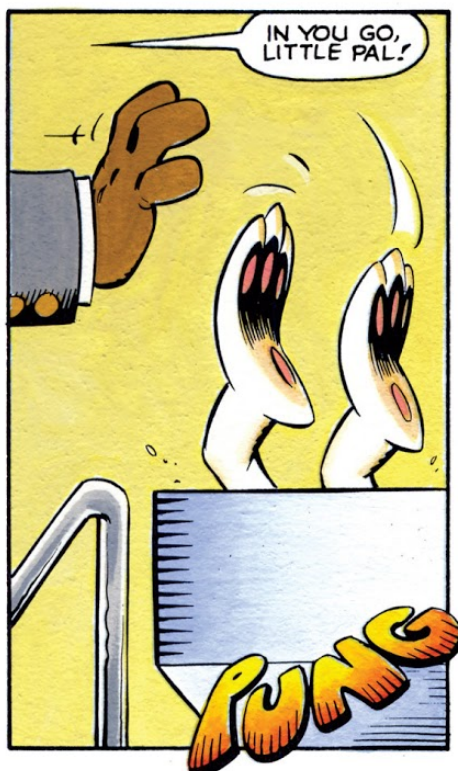
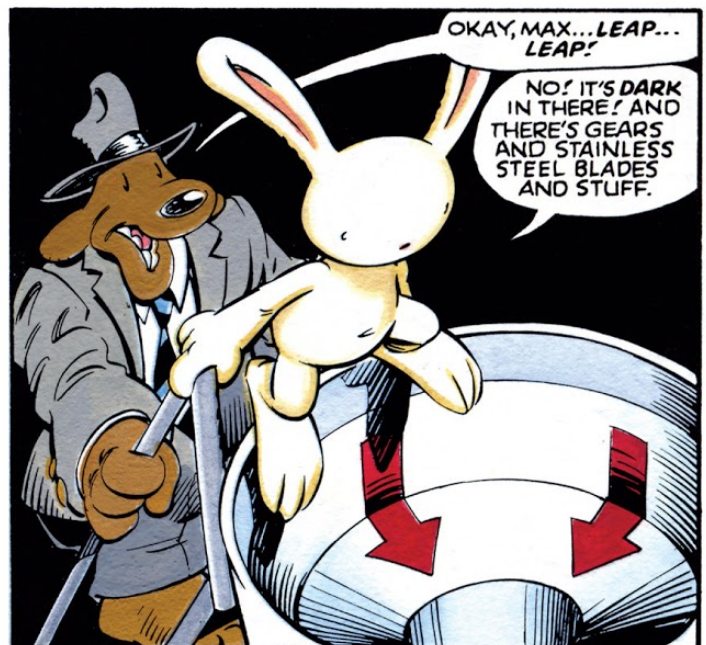
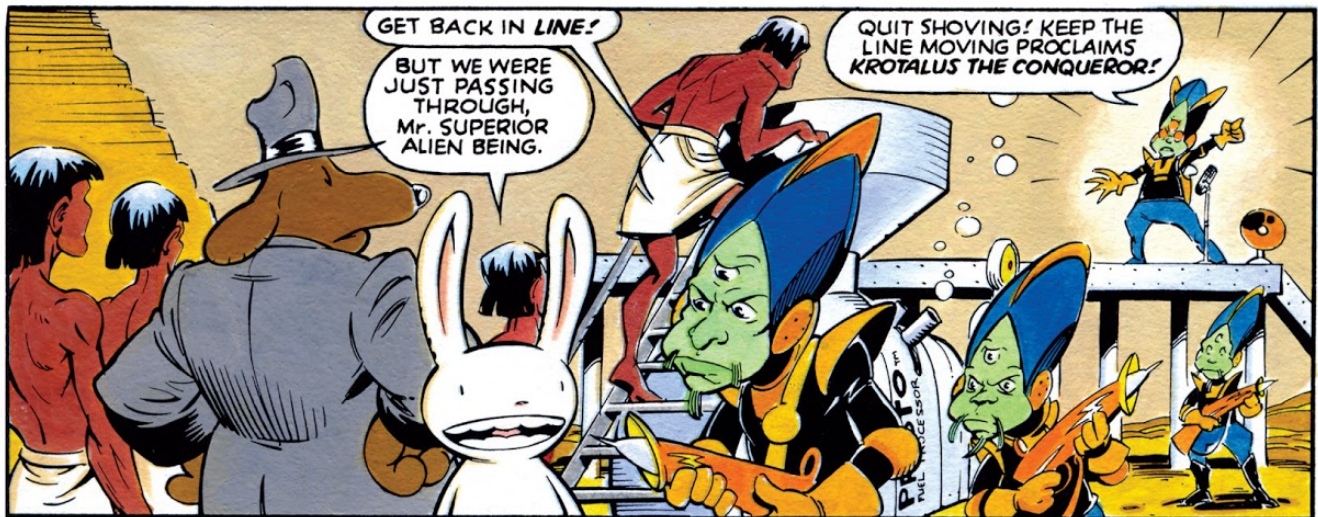
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY:
STEVE PURCELL
LETTERED BY: L. LOIS BUHALIS

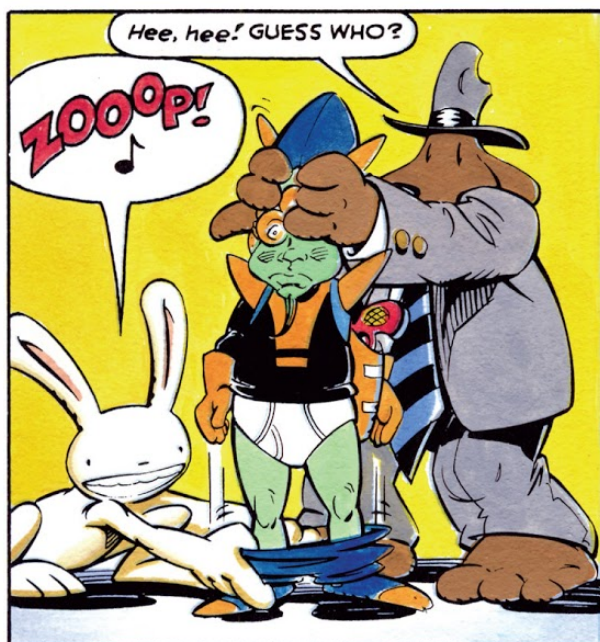
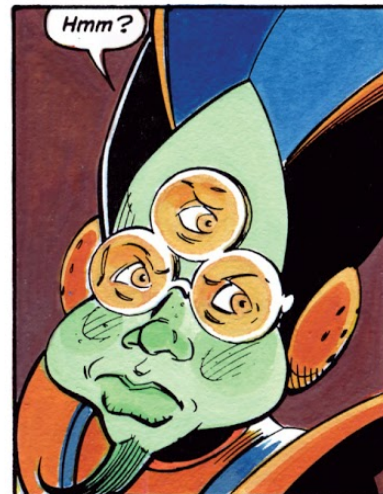
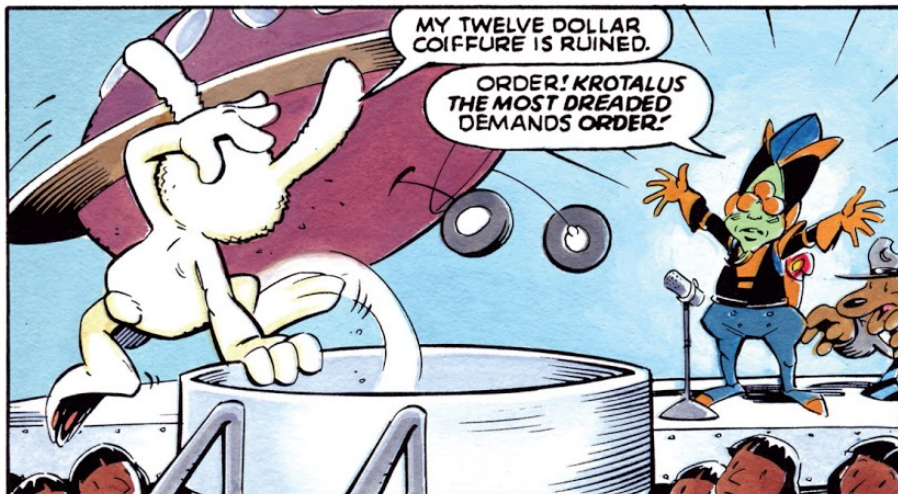
BASED ON THE ANCIENT HIERATIC
MANUSCRIPT: "SAM & MAX KICK
SOME ALIEN BUTT"

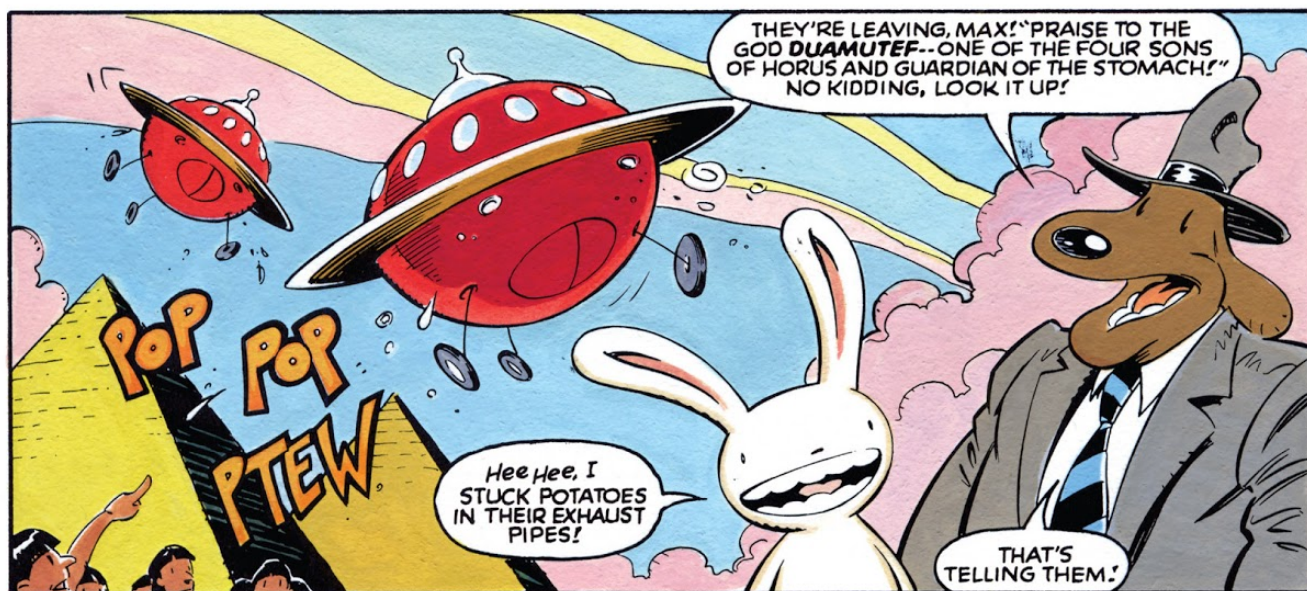












Thanks to **SCOTT G. MIGNOLA**, who somehow actually dreamed part of this story.

END



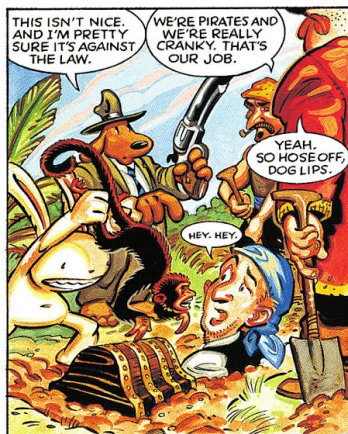
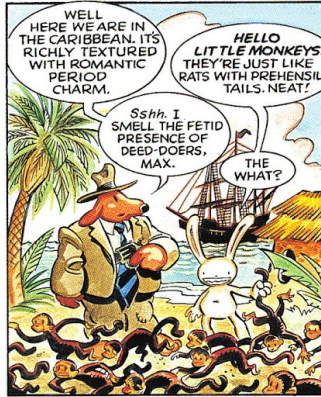
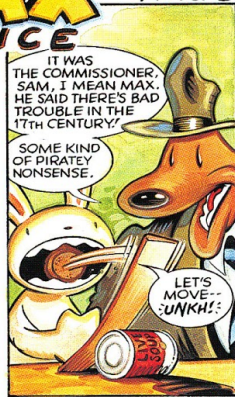
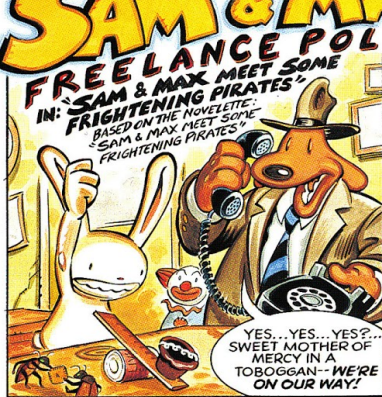
SAM & MAX

FREELANCE POLICE

IN: "SAM & MAX MEET SOME FRIGHTENING PIRATES"
 BASED ON THE NOVELLETTE "SAM & MAX MEET SOME FRIGHTENING PIRATES"

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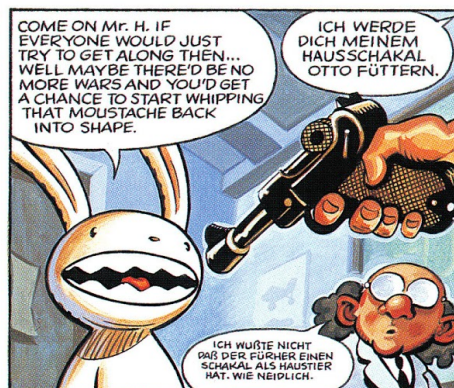
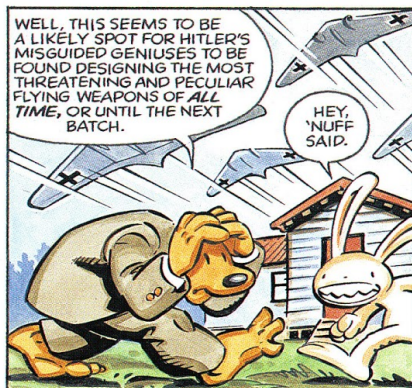
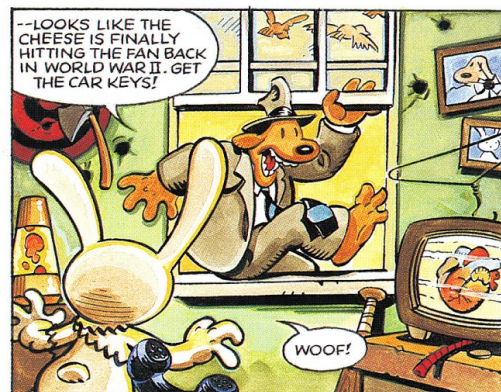
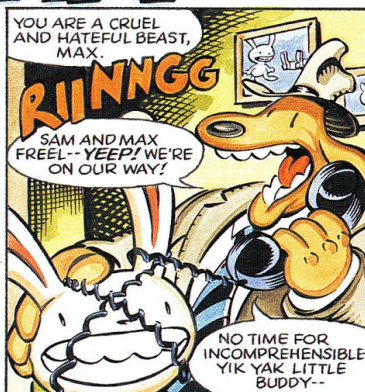
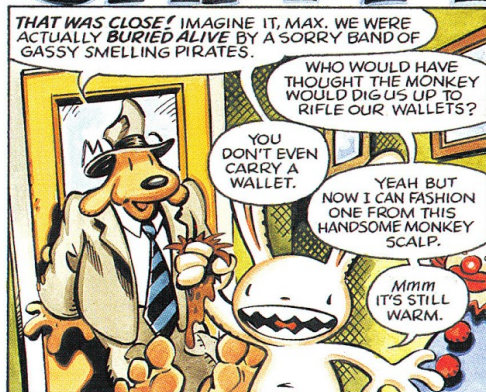
SAM & MAX FREELANCE POLICE

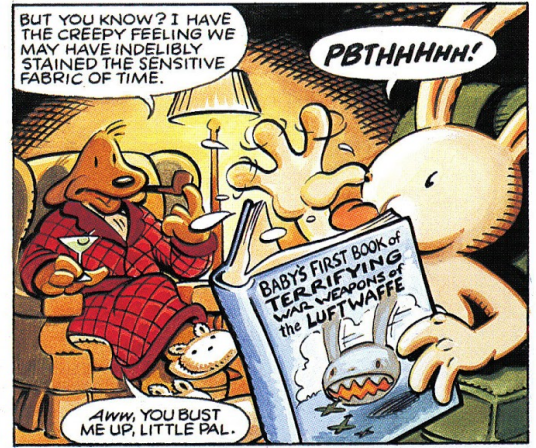
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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT: KALANI STREICHER

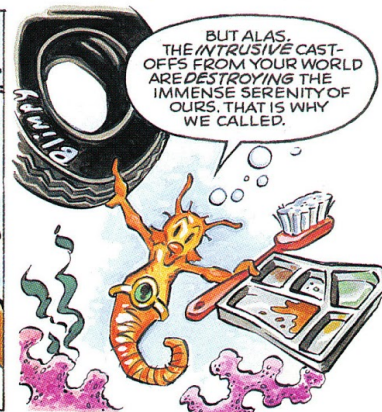
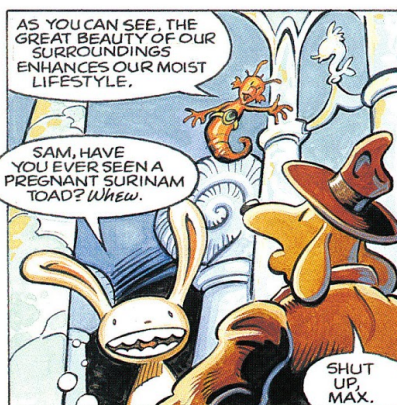
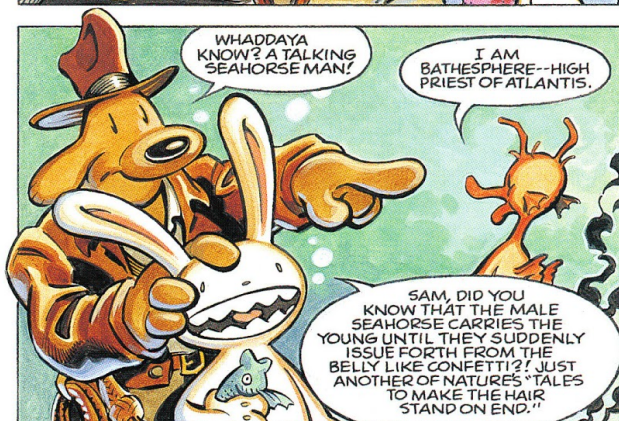
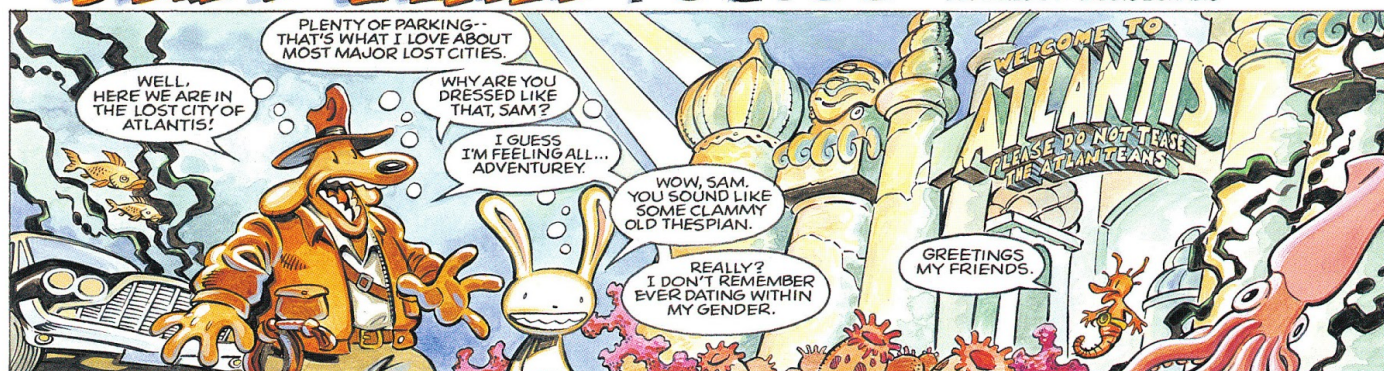


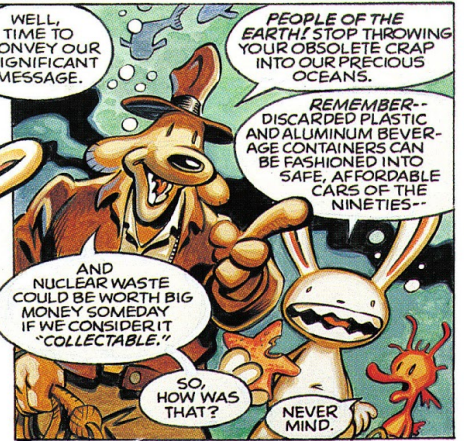
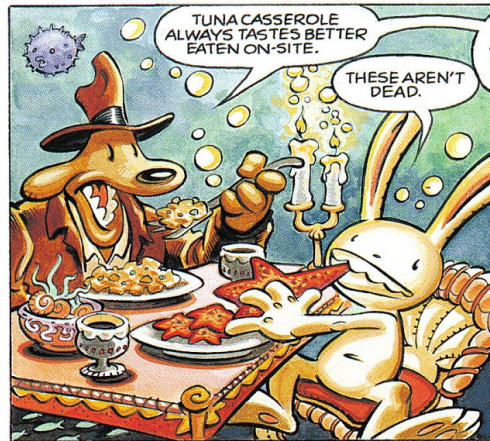
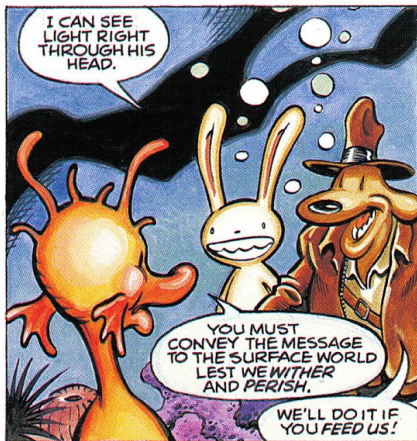


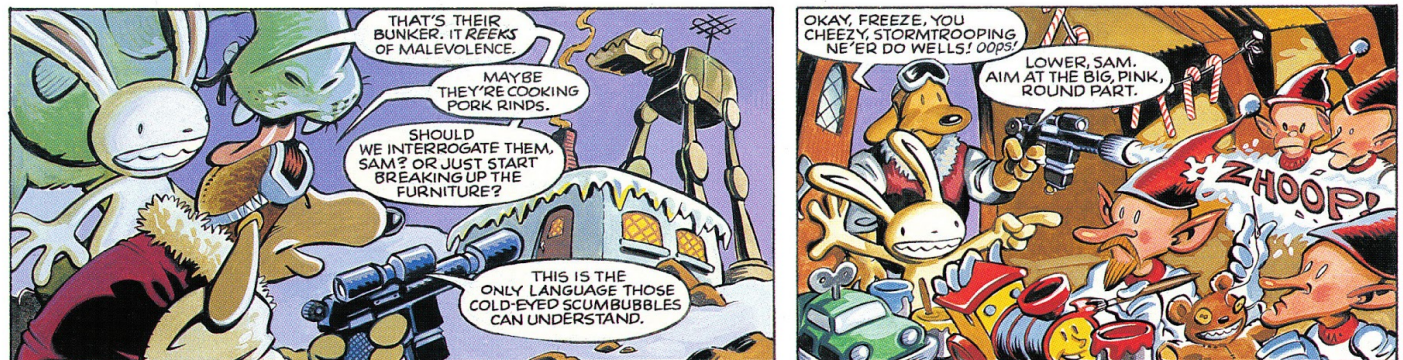
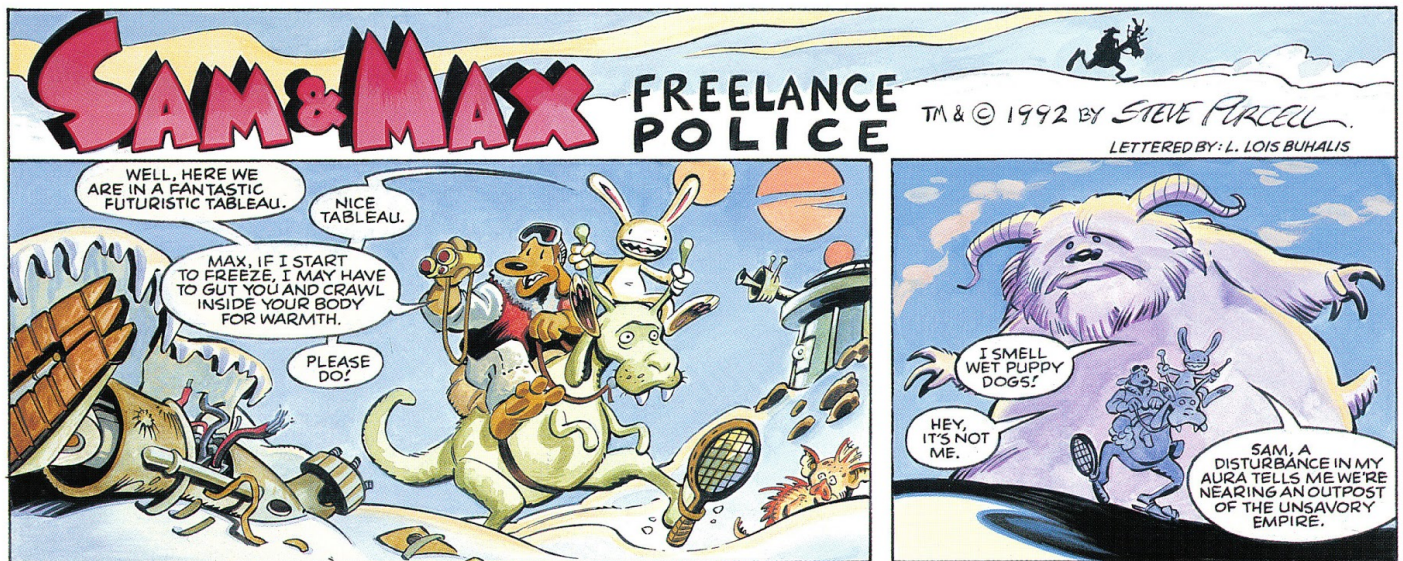
SAM & MAX

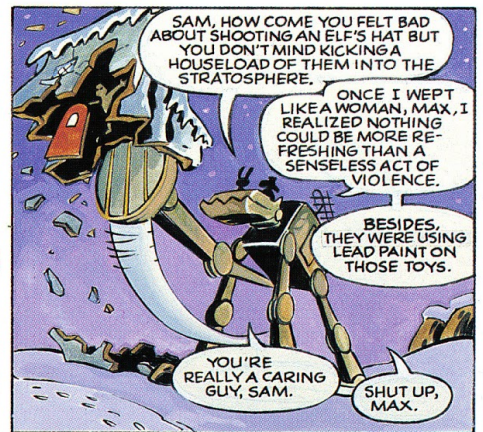
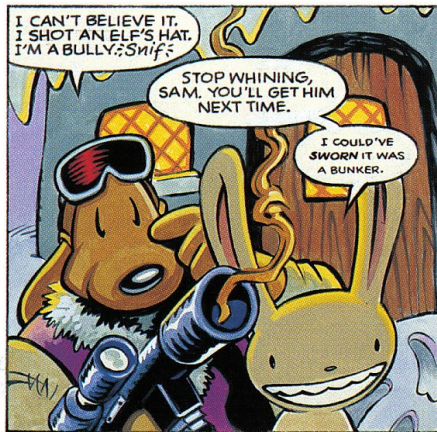
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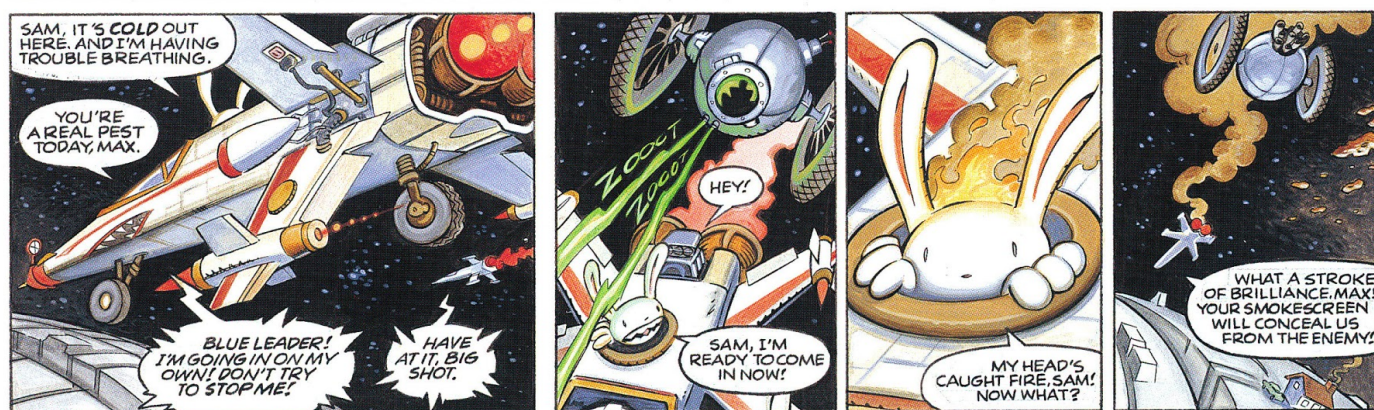
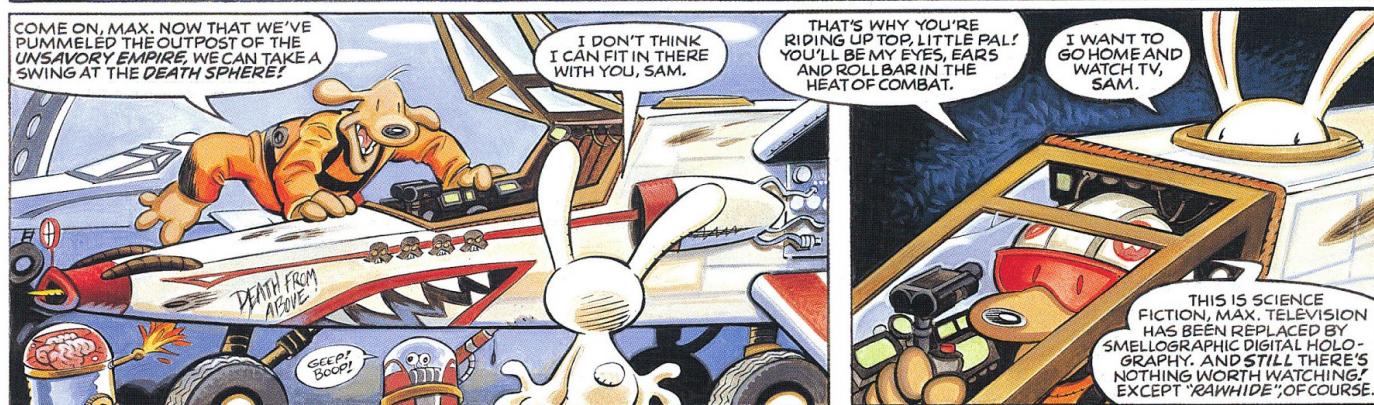


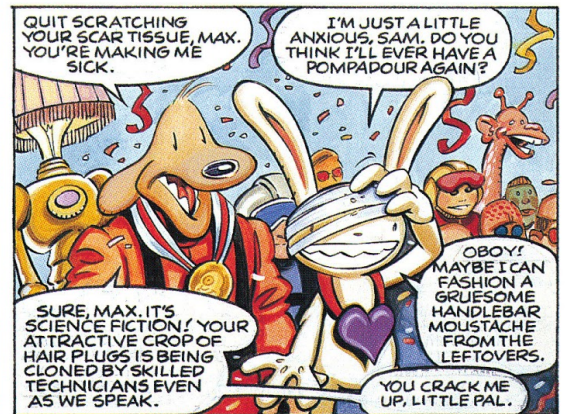
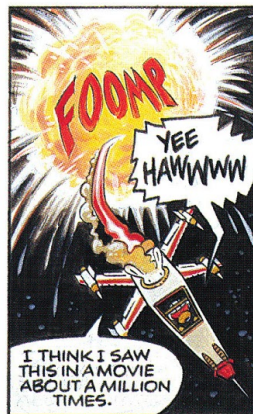
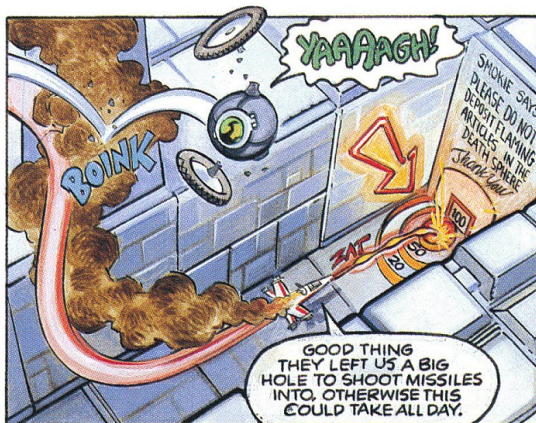
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SAM & MAX

FREELANCE
POLICE

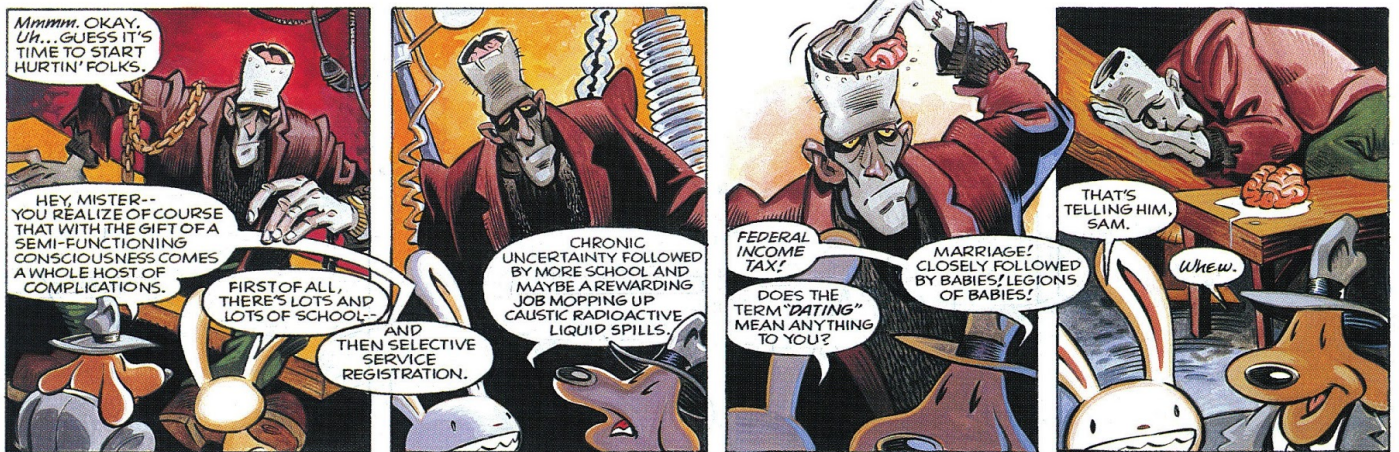
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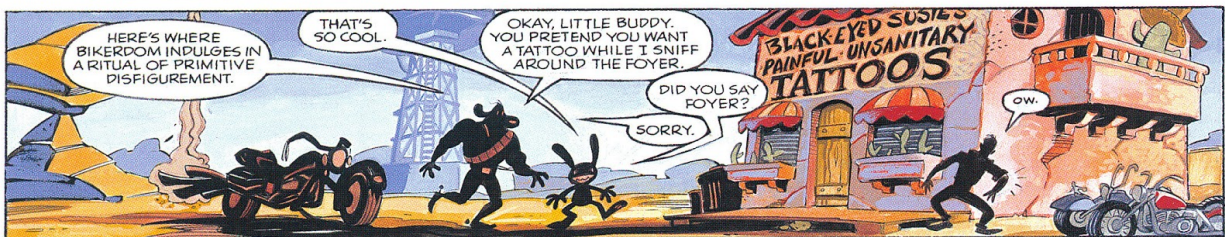
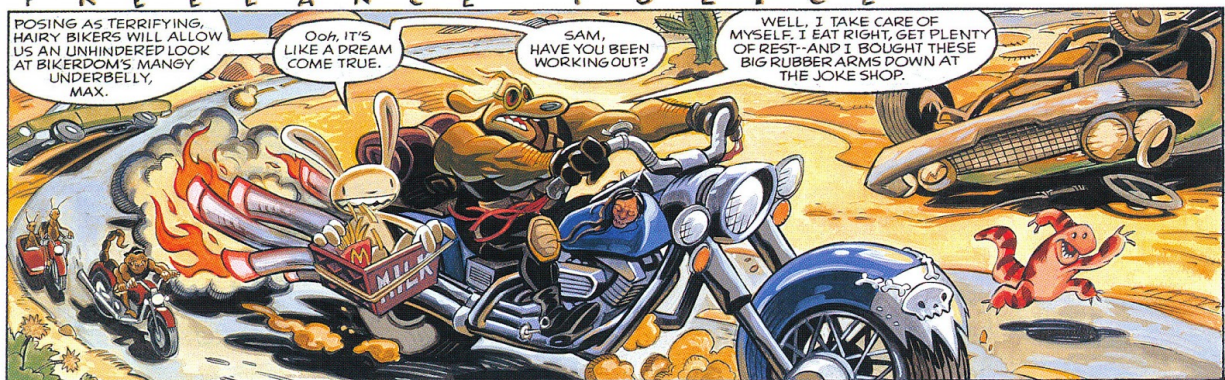
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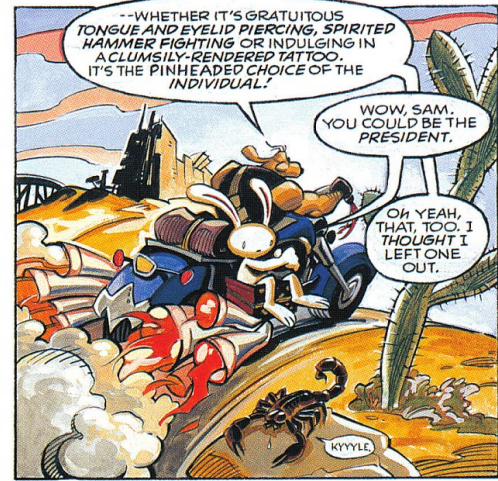
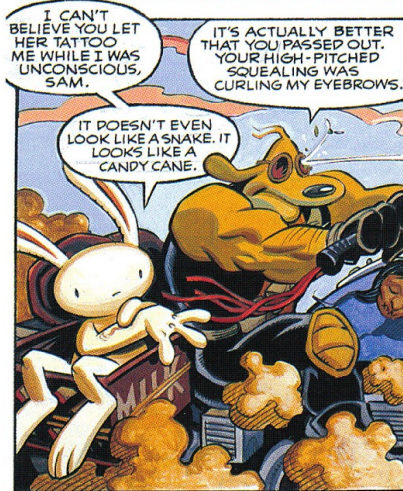
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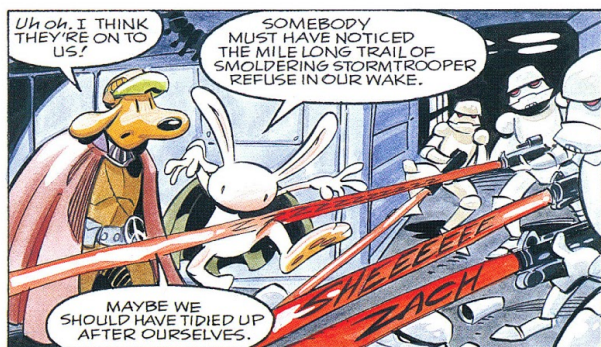
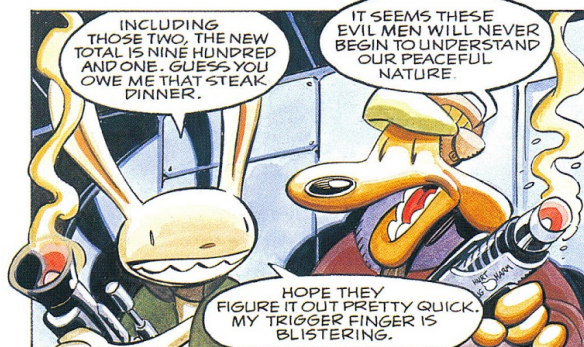
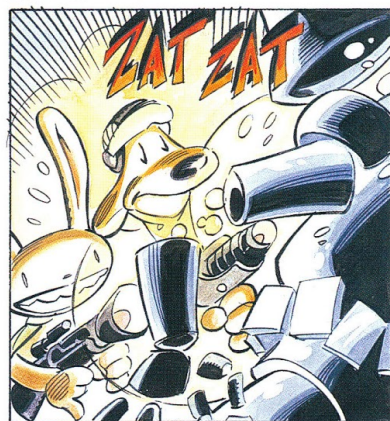
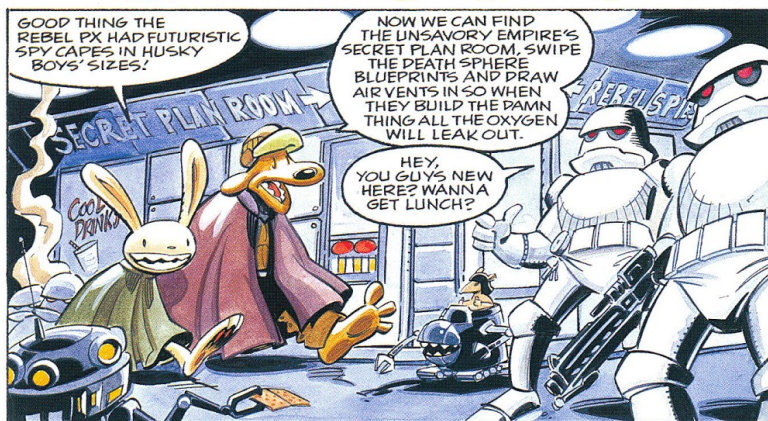


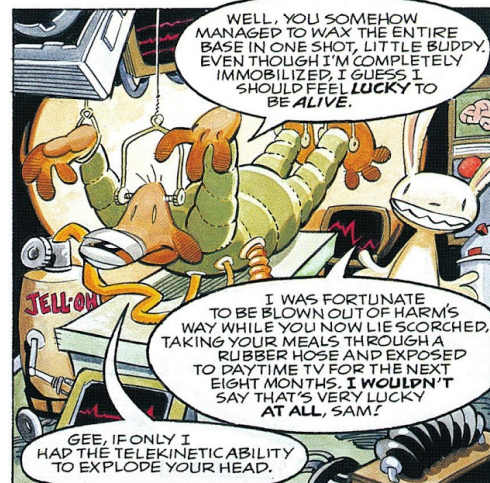
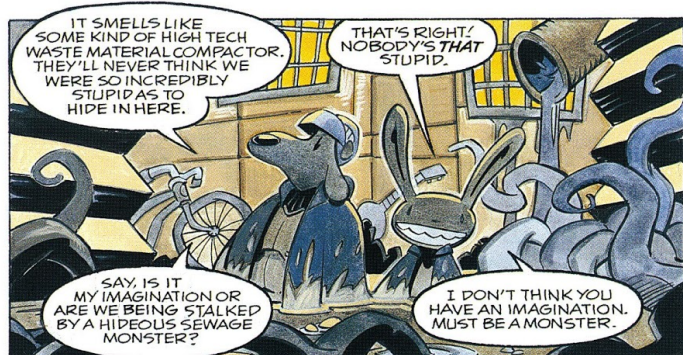
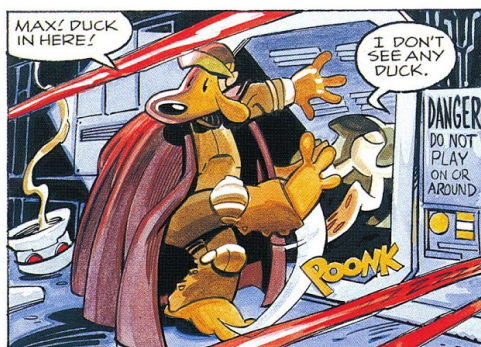




SAM & MAX

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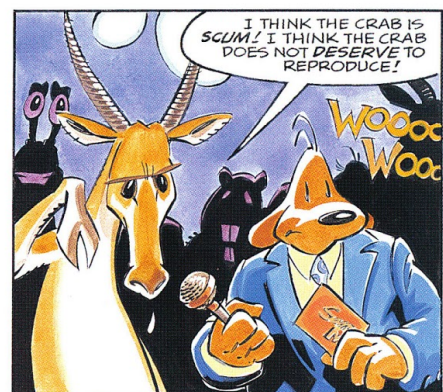
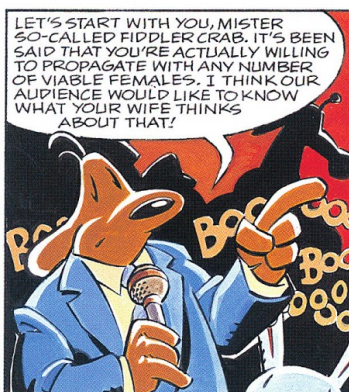
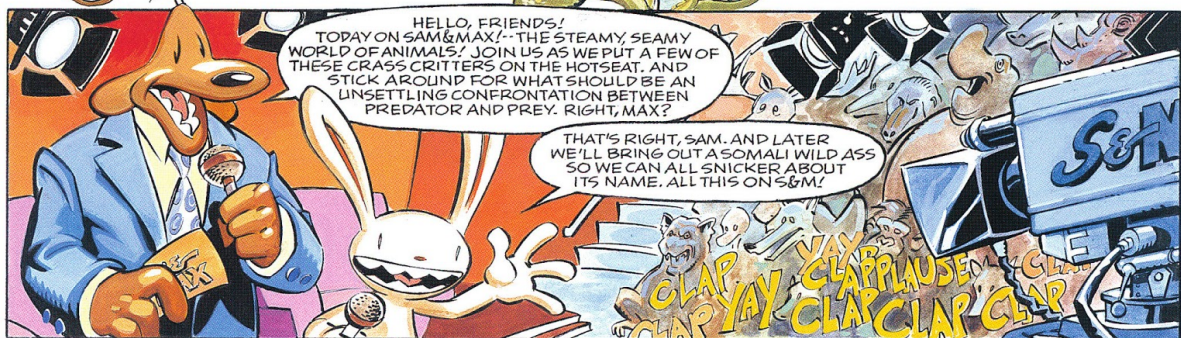


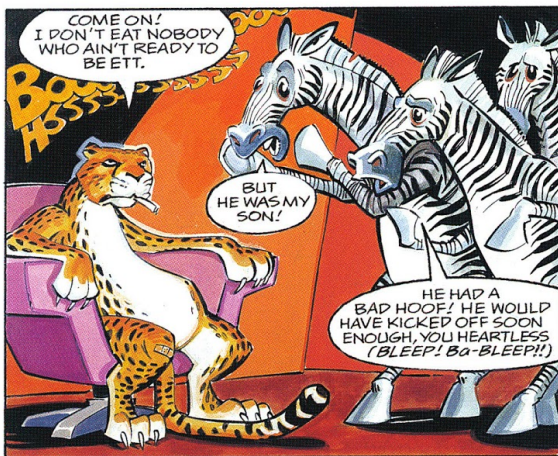
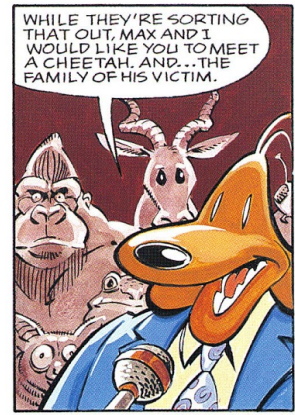
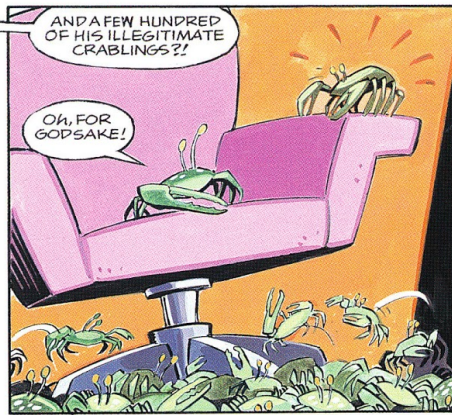
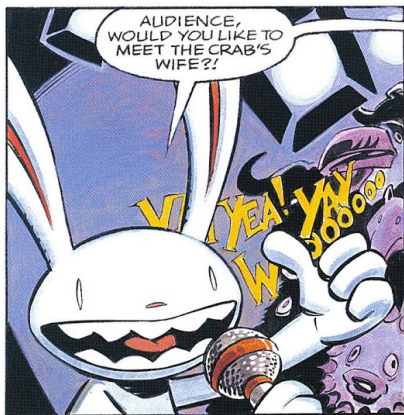


Sam & Max

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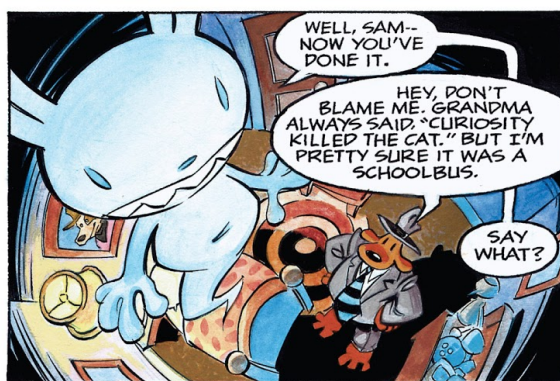
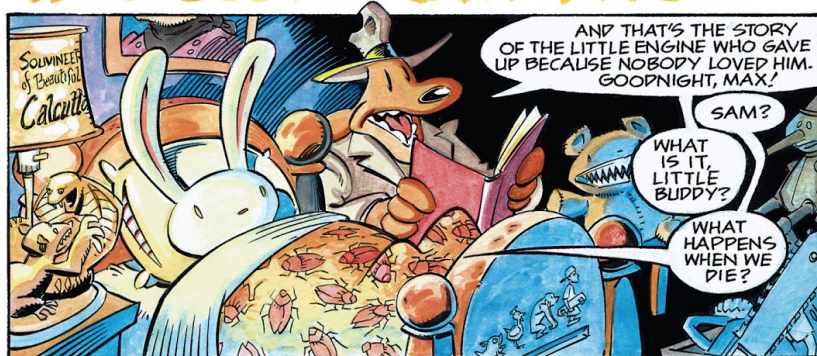




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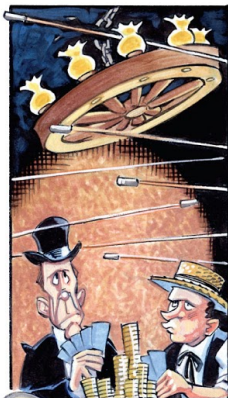




SAM MAX

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WELL, THAT WAS
A GRATUITOUS DISPLAY
OF TESTOSTERONE-INDUCED
CARNAGE.

IT'S THE
ONLY WAY TO GET A TABLE
IN THIS DUMP! AND DON'T
SAY TESTOSTERONE--KIDS
ARE GONNA READ
THIS!

AWW, YOU
CRACK ME UP, YOU
MANGY, YELLA-TAILED
VARMINT.

